

# THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL;

A WEEKLY RECORD OF PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, AND POLITE LITERATURE.

"IS IT NOT RATHER NOTORIOUS AMONG THE BEST JUDGES OF ART IN THIS COUNTRY THAT IF YOU WANT AN ABSURD OPINION ON THE MERITS OF AN EXHIBITION, YOU MUST GO TO A NEWSPAPER TO FIND IT."—REPORT OF SELECT COMMITTEE ON ART UNIONS.

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## THE ART-UNION OUTLINES.

We have had, from the beginning, a strong objection to the late competitions in art, and every succeeding experience of their results confirms us more and more in the opinion with which we commenced—that they cannot by any possibility lead to excellence. We have, on another occasion, stated strongly and fully our reasons for this conviction. The opening attempt at Westminster Hall was ruinous to the interests of our artists, and fruitless for the interests of our art: betraying the first, in too many instances, into sacrifices they have not yet recovered, and arresting the growing reputation of the second, by substituting and giving prominence to a false and inferior estimate of the capabilities we possess.

But what has private suffering to do with national renown? We do not expect that any amount of reference to the individual mischiefs that have been already inflicted, will be effective towards the arrestation of the progress of an attempt to produce a something for which the very material is wilfully absent. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves at present to the simple demonstration of the fact that this whole system of competition has had, and ever will have, while so conducted, but one result—that of degrading the British school of art in the estimation of the rest of Europe; a consequence exactly opposite to the one professed to have been intended by those who originally planned the movement. Every individual among us takes his share in the degradation we suffer as a nation from the insufficiency of these attempts; for, as every one enjoys his share of gratification at the glory acquired by his country, so does he feel his portion of disappointment when the national capacity is a matter of dispute and denial among strangers.

We will therefore say no more about the artist and his sacrifices; but will allow that the imprudent are responsible for their imprudence; and even admit that the tempter has no accountability in the matter. But if we can make apparent that the consequence of these ill-devised, and worse managed, contrivances for forcing a growth of reputation in our school has, and will have, a direct tendency to furnish false but truth-like evidence for blasting our pretensions as a nation to even tolerableness in high art, we may, perhaps, be the more readily listened to.

To do this, however, we have, as a preliminary, the giant Ignorance to combat; and unless we were endowed with some supernatural ability for vaccinating the many with so much knowledge of what is excellent as would confer a perception of what is mean, anything like universally demonstrative evidence on the subject will be a difficulty amounting to the impossible to produce. In the most certain of the sciences it exacts sufficient knowledge in him that is to be convinced, for comprehending the proofs that are furnished by the demonstrator. Even more in art does that which is to one self-evident, require long study in another to perceive at all.

The greatest difficulty that art has to struggle with in England is, that it is represented, or rather misrepresented by literature; and that literature, in respect to art, is another term for ignorance and misconception. The mighty press confers or refuses fame at pleasure; not because its dictum is infallible, but because it has the power of extending its voice among many listeners; not because the writer has a reputation, but because he is a mystery; not because he is celebrated, but because he is unknown. There are even those among them, whose opinions, when published, are matters of faith with tens of thousands, and whose observations, as individuals, would not be listened to at all. They partake largely in the same advantage, but under another disguise, that was enjoyed by the pagan priesthood: they have the working of the oracle. Thus will the press originate a rumour, echo a rumour, and repeat the echo, the origin, the echo, and the repetition often emanating from the same pen in different journals, until general acceptance has elevated that which was positively and rickulously false into the authority of an unimpeachable truism. And thus has the press, in the very wantonness of its ignorance, after receiving the deficiency of motive as an evidence of the absence of ability, proclaimed, as an incontrovertible fact, that English artists could not draw large figures at all. That painters did not obstinately devote their attention to painting large canvasses, for which they possessed neither convenience nor demand, was understood to denote that they did not possess the power to do so under circumstances favourable to their

production. As if the principles of composition differed in reference to large and small pictures—as if the principles of light and shadow differed in reference to large and small pictures—as if anatomy and pure design, in a figure four feet high, could be sufficient, that when enlarged to six was worthless—as if expression, breadth, colour, and every other quality that success in a fine art work demands from a painter, were not as absolutely necessary on a canvass of eight feet by six as on any of larger dimensions.

The press, however, affected to think otherwise. The writers did not possess the material for thinking on art. They thought they were thinking nevertheless. They had been thinking on something, and they supposed it must have been art, and followed up their erroneous conclusion by deploring the national deficiency; or rather, as they stated it, the deficiency of those who turned aside the course of national study from the attempt to create enormous inutilities that the nation did not care for, towards the more profitable production of something that the time required, and that those possessing the means to reward the labour were in the habit of asking for.

Now, though these writers deplored the perverted taste of the artist for wasting his ingenuity in portraits, landscapes, and *genre* productions, we do not believe one of them ever attempted an epic poem. If any one has done so, the secret has been well kept. But he did not. He was not such a ninny as to waste his time on a commodity for which there is no market; on a book for which there are no readers. His wisdom was sufficient for himself—more than sufficient for himself; for he thought also for the artist, in whom he pronounced it a baseness to be influenced by similarity of motive. The artist should have been above such calculation. Art should soar so far beyond the motives that influence literature, that the two may not be measured by the same gauge. The writer that does not study the wants of his time is a fool; while the artist who does, is base, sordid, and selfish.

The opinion of the press has had its influence on that of the legislature, and as none among the celebrated of their time produced large pictures, it was assumed that they could not; and it was, as a consequence, decided to be necessary that a proclamation should be issued for the discovery of those that could.

This manner of proceeding compels us to the supposition, that those who advised this course, entertained some strong hallucination on the subject. That they believed in certain opportunities for cultivating a high degree of excellence in art in exceeding privacy. That there was some mysterious system of study, through which great latent power might be obtained, without showing sign of its existence, until called into activity by a

parliamentary proclamation. It appears to have been their thought that there were artists in holes and corners, possessing the capability required who had never given any indication of its presence up to that time; and who had never accomplished anything that had obtained either approbation or attention; who possessed the power of composition without having composed; and who possessed all the various requisites for high art production, either intuitively, or by some strange mode whose effects showed themselves in a ratio inverse to the facilities afforded for their acquirement.

What would have been reported of the sanity of a commission that had suggested a proclamation for the discovery of so many Hamlets and Macbeths? Yet, were not the absurdity so extreme as that of advertising for stray or neglected history painters. We have not a doubt that actors have died, without having been appreciated at their full worth. But, whatever may have been asserted of Hanging Committees, none pretend to believe that, if they were all in a conspiracy together (and we know they are strong in mutual opposition), they wield the power to effectually shut out a fine work of art from public examination. It was, therefore, a moral impossibility, that any but known men should be efficient for the work proposed. Then why tempt those who were entirely incapable into such a competition? What good purpose could possibly be answered by such a proceeding? Even if there were found among the youthful aspirants who had as yet made no pictures, some that could draw cartoons, what likelihood was there that they could also paint them? If none, where was the painter sufficient for the task that would condescend to continue another man's beginnings—to undertake a labour for which the reputation had been already appropriated?

The result of the attempt was such as the quality of the attempt deserved. There was absolutely nothing obtained, except a certain amount of experience for the commission, that was in any way useful for the end proposed. There was no revelation of neglected genius, consequent to the proclamation. Of the whole number of candidates that responded to the call, there are but two that have been thought equal to the purpose required; (the artists, be it noted, not the cartoons then sent in by them), and these two were well known before as possessing a certain, though not the highest, amount of reputation, that needed no proclamation to discover. They were both students in that much abused academy that is reproached for having used its appliances for the desecration of High Art.

The competition is therefore convicted of having produced no beneficial result whatever, excepting that of educating itself, and by the failure of an experiment, furnishing a warning against its repetition. Let us, however, inquire into the amount of mischief it has produced.

Without reverting to the inconvenience sustained by the disappointed competitors, as being an affair beginning and ending with themselves, we will rather refer to the wound inflicted on our national reputation as a school of art. Repeating the notion of a proclamation for Hamlets and Macbeths. Let us suppose a dramatic sweepstakes in which every one of our best actors was left out. We ask, would that afford the means for furnishing a fair estimate of British dramatic talent? We know it would not. In the same manner may we be justified in representing that exhibition of cartoons in which there was not one composition

by any of the celebrated painters of our country, was a fair example of the then existing state of British Art? Yet, has not that exhibition been treated by the literature of the country as a great effort of its time? Has it not been referred to by foreigners as a collection of the best specimens of what we could do? And is it not now in course of publication, at some four years after the contest, when every artist then engaged is in some sort ashamed of his then production? Is it not about to be exposed to the animadversions of the Italian, the Frenchman, and the German, as a collection of the finest specimens of our school, while it is absolutely, but a misrepresentation of the present capacities of the very artists whose works are therein contained, and it does not present a single example of any one of those possessing maturity of reputation at the time they were executed.

This is the consequence of which we complain. The commission has been an instrument for promulgating a false estimate of British artistic capability. The reputation of the nation as a school of art, has been sacrificed to the inefficiency of a few; and for a very long period to come, the specimens produced on the occasion, will be received as a fair criterion for estimating our rank in High Art among the nations of Europe.

It may be urged in reply to this charge, that the competition was open to the highest as well as to the least; and that the absence of our best men on this occasion is their reproach, and not a sin of the commission. We answer, that if an effect is to be produced, its cause must be provided; and that if those who were most fitted for this purpose were intended to have been engaged in its accomplishment the sufficient motive should have been furnished by those who intended such a consummation. Was a proclamation for hidden talent to be understood as applying to celebrated known talent? Was it necessary for the discovery of Mr. Eastlake, or Mr. Herbert, or Mr. Leslie, or Mr. Landseer, or Mr. Maclise, or Mr. Mulready, that a trumpet should summon them from their concealment? Certainly not. The effort whose described intention was to raise art from obscurity, did not apply to artists already known and celebrated. Such men, full of well remunerated employment, had nothing to do with the risk of competition, in which even success would be a sacrifice, and undeserved failure, a consequence against which the competence of the tribunal was not a sufficient guarantee. The *élite* of the profession naturally and wisely took no part in this affair. That they did not, is a proof that the motive for doing so was not furnished: for sufficient cause being provided, it is not a matter of choice that effect should follow.

The degradation to British art, that has been caused by these crude specimens of untried and inexperienced endeavour, being presented to the world as its greatest accomplishment, has been mainly assisted by the acclamations with which they were received by the press. Periodical writers were betrayed into the affectation of an astonishment that students who had been for years employed in the schools of the academy, daily and nightly studying the human form, were able to draw at all. They, moreover, thought they saw something in this to them astonishing display, that showed an independence of academic instruction; and in what was simply academic they pretended to perceive some absolute acquirement, in which the academicians had no share; and this in an exhibition almost entirely furnished by students

of the Royal Academy. They, therefore, praised everything to the skies as wonderful; and the foreigner, taking the misrepresentations of the merely literary as our own character of our own art, was quite ready to receive these essays as specimens of the utmost we can do; and, judging us by the evidence we furnish, he derides our pretensions with a pretty well, considering our climate, sort of estimate.

The commission, however, after doing the mischief, has changed its tactics, and now employs artists without reference to the results of competitions.

Not so the council of the Art-Union. Here competition has taken deep and firm root; here it flourishes in burley vigour; here it is repeated in spite of experience, and is still promised in everlasting repetition. However we may condemn the course taken by the Commission of Fine Arts in reference to competition, we believe its awards were generally sound. They called in the aid of sufficient men when deciding. But the Art-Union Council dispenses entirely with any such formality, and we have in it a committee of management assuming the superintendence of works of art, in which there is not the name of a single artist. It may flatter the self-love of a few of the leading individuals in that institution to be supposed competent to decide questions in which art is the thing to be considered; but we do not believe in the infallibility of any chance-selected assembly on such a subject, and we can and will produce many cogent reasons for doubting that of the Art-Union.

The constitution of this committee is, however, not known everywhere; and anything promulgated abroad, as emanating from an institution so influential, is certain to be received with the greatest respect by those who know the least of the materials of which it is composed. The reason is obvious: anywhere else a mere voluntary proposal to undertake the duty would not be received as evidence of possessing the ability to fulfil it properly. Anywhere else, those whose task was to judge rightly of art, would have been expected to know something exactly about art. But let anyone carefully examine the list of what is called the committee of management of the Art-Union, with the endeavour to point out the names of those possessing sufficient knowledge of art to be entrusted with the selection of the best works of competing artists, and he will at once arrive at the conclusion that there is not one. This will at first appear extraordinary; but on consideration, the reason will present itself. This committee neither volunteered nor was selected with reference to any fitness for such a responsibility. The country is, nevertheless, rendered accountable for their blunders, since they have assumed it. It will not be supposed abroad that a committee, pretending to perform what the Art-Union has undertaken, has no pretension to qualification for the purpose. That it assumes to direct production, offers rewards, and decides between competitors, without any responsible assistance from those whose profession it is to be acquainted with the matters in which it interferes. That it has noblemen and clergymen, and actors and aldermen, and physicians and members of parliament; but not one painter, not one sculptor, not one anything that presents to the subscribers a guarantee for possessing the ability to do that which he undertakes to accomplish.

In the first construction of the committee of



management, when promising to wield, indirectly, an influence in the sale of paintings, it was delicate and proper that painters should be excluded. So long as this committee did not officially undertake selection, such are the orthodox principles upon which it should have been constituted. But the members have modified their first intention; they have invested themselves with the robe and ermine of the judge, and we are entitled to demand the production of their qualification for the office. Until they satisfactorily reply to this demand, a jealous supervision of their proceedings is a duty the public owes to itself. They have not been called to the position they now hold. They have assumed quietly this responsibility unasked; and they have placed themselves in the position of having arrogated an infallibility for which they have not a single credential that will ensure to them the confidence of their subscribers.

We have been roused to an examination of the pretensions of the committee of management of the Art-Union as at present constituted by their award of a premium for the encouragement of production in the set of outlines that have been dispersed among the subscribers of the current year. We have thus had imposed upon us the irksome duty of examining with reference to the principles of art a series of designs, that, when the youth of the producer is taken into consideration, may be allowed to exhibit a promise of future merit; though, considered as a means for the improvement of taste among the vast multitude among whom they will be disseminated, or as affording anything that approaches to a tolerable estimate of what ripper study could accomplish, they are calculated in both cases to do much mischief, and not a particle of good. As sketches in an artist's folio—as attempts made during study—as essays of the pinions before resolving upon flight—they might be looked at with some suggestive interest; but as exponents of principle, either in anatomy, composition, proportion, expression, or *beau ideal*, they are worse, much worse than useless.

We may not judge of a publication of this description, that is put abroad among the world with such appearance of credit, but with reference to a high character of accomplishment. The age and consequent experience of the artist is no where marked upon the prints, and has nothing whatever to do with the absolute estimate of the position they hold in art. We, therefore, repeat, that the committee of management are not justified in compromising the reputation of their country, by sanctioning with their influence such feebleness of attempt, as every page of these outlines present to us. We can fancy a French or German artist's astonishment, when they are presented to his notice. We can picture that astonishment resolving itself into self-gratulation for himself and countrymen, and contempt for everything British. This, be it noted, not because we cannot compose; not because we cannot design;—but because a body of irresponsible individuals, accidentally assembled, without reference to any fitness for the task, or even expectation of having it to execute, have undertaken to decide upon matters of which they know nothing; and have given circulation and notoriety to that which, for the artist's own reputation, ought never to have quitted his folio.

We cannot accuse the Art-Union of intentional injustice in his selection; for we have not seen any portion of the competing works; but we have no hesitation, when asserting that the intelligence which could authorise the engraving of the out-

lines they have chosen, was quite as likely to select the worst as the best among those presented. The Art-Union have already been inconvenienced by their want of authority in these matters; and few of their awards have yet passed uncontested. We disagree entirely with their sculpture award of last season; not as to its having been biased by any corrupt favouritism; but that it was suggested by sheer error, from want of artistic intelligence. There the public had an opportunity for estimating the justice of the selection; but in the case of these outlines the public have been allowed no opportunity whatever for comparing those that have been chosen with those that have been refused. The Art-Union may thus be enabled to put off conviction of error, but it is not a mode for satisfying doubt.

If this committee of management is determined to assume and retain the right of judgment in these matters, it must add such names to its present members as shall enable them to acquire the confidence of the public in its proceedings, and insure English art from the risk of having their influence and the funds of the subscribers perverted to the creation of a false estimate of its amount of capability.

A composition in outlines demands, more imperatively than any other, correct design and fine character of form. These outlines are eminently deficient in both these requisites. There is an affectation of composition so strong in mannerism, as to prophesy badly for one so little acquainted with the bony structure of the human frame, and whose ideal character of form is yet so mean. There is also a straining after distortion and foreshortening, with an impracticable arrangement of the limbs, that seem intended to puzzle the ignorance of the judges, by a show of erudition. No portion has been sufficiently studied. Water colour facility has substituted labour and thought before error had become sufficiently self-evident. The thick and thin line is also an affectation.

The title-page contains three children, and there is a leg on the ground they may toss up for: it being impossible to connect that leg with any of the three bodies.

No. 1. The figures dancing want perspective. There is a hand sticking up that wants an owner. The "Piping Shepherd" and the "Scotchman" are the best drawn figures in the series; but the left leg of the first is excessively long. This plate has the most pretensions to a composition.

No. 2. A coarse, heavy, and ill-drawn adaptation of the pyramidal form to composition.

No. 3. The legs of all the figures heavy; arms exceedingly small; generally incorrect. The arm of the Indian is fore-shortened to the head of the child, while the leg on which he stands is on the same plane. The man holds out his arms before and across the Indian, although he is seated something beyond him.

No. 4. Meanness in the arms, and full of violent attempts at fore-shortening badly executed. Figures standing impossibly; limbs unaccounted for.

No. 5. Can any one inform us what part of the person these Indians are sitting on? The middle group is an impossibility in perspective.

No. 6. The bone in the leg of the European bent. The arms of the Indian wretchedly mean. In an attempt to force the line into the pyramidal, the Indian is made to lean impossibly.

No. 7. Arms very small and meanly proportioned; the lower limbs impossible.

No. 8. Having a lesser degree of the same objections. Impossible to connect the legs of the horse.

No. 9. A most inefficient attempt at foreshortening, without perspective.

No. 10. Ill drawn throughout. Figures having the back of the body and the front of the leg and thigh towards the spectator. The old pyramidal form in the centre upon a flat base.

No. 11. Again the pyramidal; with clumsy lower limbs and mean ones.

No. 12. Ill drawn; impossibility of positions, and limbs unaccounted for.

No. 13. A composition resembling a T square inverted. The standing figure ill drawn, of a mean character of design, and incorrect proportions.

We have gone hastily through these outlines, that we might justify the remarks with which we commenced. Had this series been promulgated in the common course of publication (which was impossible, for no dealer would have undertaken them), we should not have been called upon for these strictures. But the committee of management of the Art-Union possess a wider influence, and their unchallenged opinions assume something like a national authority, among those that know no better. So many thousands of these outlines, received as the best specimens of the kind procurable in England, are calculated to spread a large amount of error extensively at home; and though the sanction of the Art-Union may not be sufficient to persuade the foreigner that they are even tolerable, many will be very ready to receive them as the best we can furnish.

It is against the promulgation of such an opinion, as being contrary to the real state of art in England, that the intention of these strictures is directed.

H. C. M.

#### MUSICAL CRITICISM.

THIS term, if applied to the productions which daily appear, seems strangely to contradict the fact; to give a criticism, would imply that the writer had exercised his judgment in coming to a decision in the merits of the work before him. If this is taken as a statement of the case, under what category must some of these we see come? for it must be clear that fulsome flattery is not criticism, nor a perversion of facts. No judgment is required on stringing epithets together, or in giving such an account of a work, that a reader in going to hear or see it, is astonished to find the representation and the reality in extreme opposition to one another. It may be convenient sometimes to say black is white, or *vice versa*; but if discovered, it must be detrimental to the character of the writer. Who will hereafter believe him? In giving an account of a work of Art, a romance is not wished for, or a fiction founded on fact, as many of our modern novels pretend to be; but a plain statement, plainly, honestly given, according to the best judgment of the writer—there would be, under such circumstances, an approximation to the truth; if even the truth itself were not arrived at; and, at all events, credit would be given to the intention. This is all we would claim, a desire to arrive at a just conclusion when a criticism is put forth, trusting that the event will verify the prediction.

In criticism, too, it must be observed that there are data to go upon; for the past will call up compari-

son, and there is thus danger in asserting anything which mere juxtaposition could contradict. The painter is always obnoxious to this ordeal, an error being detected almost as soon as promulgated. The public critic, therefore, in this branch of art is singularly quiescent; or if an opinion is hazarded, it is generally so mystified, that it is difficult, if not impossible, to arrive at the writer's meaning, who may write for quantity, not quality. But in music there is not this test; the transient nature of sound, rendering any reminiscence vague, unless the imitation is so close as to approach copyism. In hearing a new work, the writings of former years, float but faintly o'er the senses, an opinion may, therefore, be given without the danger of immediate contradiction, which is forgotten almost as soon as the hearing is over. There is, on this account, less fear in pronouncing *ex cathedra*; the chance of detection being remote; and yet, if the fact turns out not exactly according to the statement, the writer, at least, lowers the value of his future lucubrations; he may be read, but with caution, for his facts may be drawn from his imagination. The reader hesitates in giving credit to what may turn out fiction, although founded on fact.

There is a class of criticism which considers detail as the sign of profundity—judgment is not pronounced—but a minute account takes its place. According to this class of critic, a picture would not be judged of by its effect, but by a knowledge of its detail, that such a part is produced by green, blue, red, black, and back again. All the colours of the rainbow, with the endless variety of modification, would be called into play in describing the painting. Again: according to this class of critic, a poem would not be judged of by the display of imaginative fancy, the humour, or the the splendid language; but the unlucky thing would have to undergo a picking to pieces according to the rules of grammar; the whole category of verbs active, passive, neuter; moods, indicative, subjunctive, potative, infinitive; nouns, adverbs, conjunctions, prepositions, prepositives, and postpositives,\* would be hurled at the poet's work; and the reader would be left to scramble out of the mess as best he could. The pictorial art has fortunately been spared this infliction. The poetical has, perhaps, slightly suffered the operation. But it was destined for the musical art to undergo the detail process. The vulgar fraction of the science is made the substitute for judgment. We quote the following specimen from a leading journal:—

"The overture is a brilliant piece of instrumentation, in which several motives of the opera, that will be noticed in their place, are interwoven. It opens with a short introduction in the French style, a fortissimo of the whole orchestra on the note D, followed by a chord of E flat on the wind instruments—an effect both novel and radical. This glides into an allegro appassionato in G minor, and in due course the second subject and its refrain are introduced, with various devices of instrumentation, some of which are exceedingly happy (the second occurrence of the counter theme in G major, for the wood instruments, with the clarinet for bass, being a good example), and all of them clever. The whole ends with a brilliant coda in the major of the original key."

This may be instanced as a specimen of technical jargon, having as much affinity with the subject as

if (as we have before observed) the picture was criticised in the following manner: such a part was done in red, picked out with green—an incidental patch of yellow, giving a sort of appassionato colouring, ending in a brilliant flare-up of scarlet. The keys are in the same relation to music as colours to a picture; in fact, the very language of the one is adopted to explain the other; for, in speaking of modulation, it is called a colouring, and is understood to convey the idea of different keys being used to relieve the monotony of one key, which would be the same as if one colour was used in painting. A poem, under this style of criticism, would be spoken of as a compound of all the parts of speech, of which it must necessarily consist. Had such a specimen of criticism ever been produced on a painting or a poem, it would have ensured an amount of ridicule proportioned to the display; but in music, the greater the nonsense the more weight appears to be attached to it—a fact that speaks but little for the extended knowledge of the art. A few more extracts we now quote, to explain what we would indicate.

"Another long fragmentary *morceau d'ensemble*—'Ha! what is that I see?'—beginning and ending in A, touching a variety of keys in its progress."

The beginning and ending in A certainly displays an amount of knowledge so great we quite wonder at it! The commonest rule in music is here put forth as if it were a bit of learning; it would be as ridiculous to announce to the public that the nominative agrees with the verb, and "the touching a variety of keys on its progress" might be likened to a paragraph of parsing.

Again—

"A very clever duettino in F;" for me, great heavens! "for Mr. Harrison and Miss Romer, which goes into B flat minor, A minor, F minor, and then back again."

Red, blue, black, pink, and back again, and we have an idea of a painting. Truly, we feel indebted to our daily contemporary for his able exposition, and shall look to be enlightened similarly on the production of some new work.

Another of our contemporaries indulges in a complicated strain of words, for which we have in vain tried to find a meaning. We will give a specimen or so of this clear obscure, this darkness visible:—

"There is passion in the duet, betwixt Madame Corinne and Ardenford, 'The colour which had left thy cheek,' and the lady's romance, 'Love in language should not seek,' is arranged and set off with a French piquancy of support and combination, which makes it most agreeable, if not musically venerable."

This last phrase we have puzzled ourselves to comprehend: a French piquancy of support and combination which makes it most agreeable, if not musically venerable. French piquancy musically venerable! We beg Messrs. of the *Athenæum* to explain the meaning of this.

And at another part, in allusion to Mr. Balfe having omitted the usual rondo at the finale, he, that is the *Athenæum*, observes that—

"The use of all the principal voices is neat, probable and effective."

We might understand the terms neat and effective, but certainly cannot conceive what probability has to do with a fact. The use of all the principal voices is a fact. How then can there be a probability of it? We would suggest to the writer the

use of language, of which there was not only a probability, but a certainty of being understood; and he might then have the other terms, neat and effective, thrown into the bargain.

Much of this indeterminateness of language, in speaking of music, may have arisen from the impossibility of giving in express terms any idea of sound, still less of a combination of sounds. The impression of what we hear, however vivid at the time, is yet so transitory, that it is difficult at any distant interval to recall it to the mind. When a well-known air is begun it is recognised, and the first impression may be revived; but to convey this to a third party is not within the province of language. We might approximate to the idea by forming conventional phrases—this is, in fact, done, but not sufficiently; and the terms of the sister arts might well be made more applicable than they are; although, at present, we draw largely on other arts to convey any idea of what we would mean in speaking of music.

Much again may be attributed to the indeterminateness of music itself. We have in a former number, endeavoured to show that music was not descriptive in itself. If this is conceded, it stands to reason that any attempt to explain what does not explain itself is impossible. Music, then, must be judged by the sentiment it is intended to express; and here again a difficulty presents itself, for the music may or may not appear to convey the sentiment, and this leads us to a true estimate of the real state of the musical art. Although it is surrounded and hedged in by rules which, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, must not be altered, it possesses in itself no distinctive character. A major chord may be considered grand, a minor plaintive, the key of four flats is generally thought of a plaintive quality, that of four sharps brilliant, and yet music will be found in which these characters are completely changed. Further progress in the art may give a fixedness of purpose to different keys. It will then speak in clearer language; but even then, the whole power of music consists in its junction with sentiment, and this ought to form the groundwork of our judgment.

In adducing these instances from our contemporaries, our wish has been to arrive at some conclusion as to what ought to be the nature of criticism generally, and of musical criticism in particular; and we have taken extracts from the two journals, who are supposed to have sway; how far they may be considered as guides we must leave our readers to determine. It is clear that there are no principles, and in the absence of such it is difficult to arrive at conclusions. An art dependent entirely on rules and sensations, such twin opposites comes under no category—the rules are specific, but the sensations produced must be necessarily indeterminate. This, however, is certain, that nothing is gained by a mere detail of modulations, which any child could explain, nor by obscuring under unintelligible nonsense what more than any other requires, a clear understanding of the subject and plain definitions, and where only now we meet with a string of epithets, to which the term verbiage may with truth be applied.

C. J.

#### PRESENT PROSPECTS OF THE DRAMA.

THE ensuing twelve months may not pass over us without presenting a series of unprecedented alterations in the nature of dramatic property. The various managements that have gone on so comfortably during the last three seasons are at last

\* See Harris' "Hermes."



getting alive to their position. They are aware of breakers ahead, and are most anxiously looking out for squalls to come. The Haymarket theatre has very quietly added two actors to its company that, it would seem, were rather reserved for future occasion than intended for immediate service. Judging from the little opportunities vouchsafed to the public for their appreciation, there appears to be an affectation on the part of the manageress that the addition was not needed. The apathy of play-goers countenances the affectation.

The Lyceum management has taken advantage of the closing of the other theatres, and opened its doors to the public on Monday last with a dramatic adaptation of the annual Christmas offering produced by the single literary originality of our period. We have noticed the merits of this work in another page. Here also may be observed some symptoms of setting the house in order; and it presents us with the addition of Mr. Leigh Murray, Mr. Oxberry, and Miss May, the young lady that played *Virginia* to Mr. Macready's *Virginus* at the Princess's. How Oxberry and Keeley will get on together, remains to be tried. They do but represent different interpretations of the same line of character, and they both have the same fault, that of a slow or careless study. We may, however, look upon these additions as so many improvements; for the company possessed nothing superior to either of them in their way, when we leave out of consideration the manageress and her husband. What we like best in the matter is, that Mr. Leigh Murray and Miss May, are scarcely usable in burlesque; while Oxberry, with his squeak, would go a-head of the manager in absurdity, and consequently become an object, rather to be avoided than welcomed in his own theatre, if the frivolities that cost so much and drew so little last season were intended to be reproduced. We will hope better for the coming campaign.

Covent-garden theatre, however, is the great mystery of the time; and the various questions that must be answered in the course of the ensuing summer, respecting the attempt about to be made under its roof, are puzzling the minds, not only of singers and dancers, but managers and actors of every description.

Can London support two Italian Operas? Suppose for a moment that it cannot; which is the one that will succumb to the star of its successful rival? Will the beauty, the wealth, the *bonton*, and the aristocracy at once desert its time-honoured shrine in the Haymarket for the neighbourhood of that Drury, once so celebrated, but to whose locality they have been so long strangers? If they do, what will be the fate of Her Majesty's theatre?—We pause for a reply.—Suppose the competition merely influential for dividing the present audience between the two establishments; what must be the fate of both? Again: if fashion will not forsake the ancient opera, what use may be made of Covent-garden theatre, after the house has been subjected to alterations and enlargements that will have made it useless for the drama?

These are, however, questions that do but interest the respective speculators; for the public, or rather what is supposed to be the musical public, will, in all cases, be advantaged by the competition during its continuance; and, when it has ceased, the whole history will be but an added unit to the multitude of errors committed by greedy capitalists.

With respect to the comparative chances of the

two Operas, we have received more enlightenment from an article in the *Morning Post*, than from any remarks we have met with anywhere else upon the subject. (The *Morning Post* is always much more dangerous as a friend than as an enemy). The article we allude to was an ill-judged defence of Mr. Lumley, in which the writer undertook to account for the numerous apostacies that followed so immediately the first unfurling of the opposition standard. In it we were informed, that this person was offended with that gentleman for one reason, and that person for another, until the author had made out such a clear case of general offensiveness on the part of the manager of the Italian Opera, that it became to us a wonder how he had been enabled to continue in the directorship so long. Now, the new society has offended nobody as yet; not even the general public, by the absurdity of its decoration, and the chances are so much in its favour.

But, returning to our first query, "Can London support two Italian Operas?" And supposing that it can, and will; where is the additional audience to come from? Is it to be a newly-provided addition to the present attendance, which has been waiting for such an opportunity, and would otherwise continue spending its evenings *en famille*; or, are the other theatres to endure a diminution in the number of their clients corresponding with the additional crowds that must be attracted to the *monstre* audiences absolutely requisite for the support of such expensive experiments?

This is the portion of the query that agitates managers generally, and the committee of direction of Drury Lane has been the first to show the white feather. It has wisely doubted, whether a continuation of its present course of truckling to sensuality, not very profitable while unrivalled, might not become a serious loss when it finds itself opposed by the class of competition threatened in so near a neighbourhood. It did not say, with Othello—

"I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt prove,  
And on the proof, there is no more but this,  
Away at once with Bunn and Opera.

But, it has, on the contrary, been reported to have jumped to its conclusion, without any interval of preparatory hesitation; and, moreover, to have at once offered the theatre and its appliances to Mr. Macready.

This is a very pretty sample of what may be done in a committee of "all honourable men," that would have been an impossibility to any of the individuals that composed it. Their former manager had been suddenly expelled from the directorship of Drury Lane, at the exact moment when it presented the promise of becoming profitable; at the exact moment, too, when it was the greatest of possible imprudences to do so. The committee, in doing this, not only perpetrated a meanness in respect to Mr. Macready, but committed such an improvident error, in mere pecuniary forethought, that the motives or influences which suggested it are still a mystery. The fact, however, remains, Mr. Macready was expelled from the farm while the seed was yet in the ground, and left to seek a shelter anywhere. The consequences, however, were not deplorable for the actor. The proverb, that a rolling stone gathers no moss, is a vulgar error; for Mr. Macready gathers his moss more quickly, and in a more ample quantity as a wanderer, than he ever did as a fixture anywhere. He therefore cares nothing about managing com-

mittees, and he tells them so. You expelled me when I was willing and anxious to farm your property.

Well then, it now appears you need my help. Go too, then; you come to me, and you say, Macready, we want a manager. You say this; You, that did foot me as you spurn a strange cur Over your threshold! Be manager is your suit. What should I say to you? Should I not say, You common cry of curs! whose loves I prize As the dead carcasses of unburied men, That do corrupt my air, I banish you. Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts! Your enemies, with posting of their bills, Fan you to despair! Have the power still To banish your defenders; till at length Your ignorance (which finds not till it feels,) Making not reservation of yourselves (Still your own foes), deliver you as most Abated captives, to some manager That wins you without worth! Despising For you, old Drury, thus, I turn my back; There is a stage elsewhere.

"But did he say all this?" Not precisely; but he meant it all, and more. That they had deceived him once was their fault; but he thought himself accountable if deceived again. There are rumours afloat that the offer has been repeated, and so modified, that all pecuniary responsibility is undertaken by the committee, and a certain salary besides a third of the profits, if any accrues, to be secured to the manager; but these rumours are not traceable to any responsible source; and we have to await further information on the subject. In the mean time we may be allowed to indulge in supposition; and enquire what are the present means for furnishing Drury Lane with actors?

We do not wonder that Mr. Macready hesitated. There is not at present a known actor without engagement, but Mr. Vandenhoff. Would Mr. Phelps be tempted to doff the purple of management, and take service under his former leader? Would the re-establishment of a national theatre heal up differences, and bring Mr. Macready and Miss Cushman on the same stage? Mrs. Warner would, of course, return for the heavy ladies; but where are we to look for a first juvenile? Miss Helen Faucit's theatrical career has been of late so much interrupted by indisposition, that we fear the wear and tear of continued performance would demand too great an amount of exertion for her physical capability. Mr. Anderson would, no doubt, return with a confirmation of all the bad habits he exhibited in his last short engagement at the Hay Market. Mr. George Bennett might, no doubt, be prevailed on; and Mr. Creswick is, we believe, disengaged. We are not quite sure the latter gentleman would be efficient in a large house.

The whole amount of means does not suffice for one department out of many. We should be threatened with a return of Mr. Cooper to the juveniles (once a post-boy always a post-boy) and Mr. Ryder for the heavy. Where is the old man to take the line of Farren, Munden, &c. &c.? There is not one to be had anywhere. Compton might be tempted; but it is not likely that Keeley would quit his present position. There is, however, little difficulty in obtaining recruits in his department. We could point out twenty low comedians now in the provinces that would become great favourites in London in a single season. Mr. Charles Matthews might, no doubt, be prevailed

upon to join, when, as it is promised, madame shall have retired.

It will be apparent, after an estimate of the material actually in the market disengaged, that Mr. Macready had many reasons, besides the personal offence he had received from the committee for declining for the present any responsibility as manager. A theatre that contains but Mr. Macready, Mr. Charles Matthews, Mr. Vandenhoff, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Ryder, Mrs. Warner, and Miss Helen Faucett, for all the wide range of tragedy and comedy would scarcely promise sufficient attraction to cope with the novelties coming into its immediate vicinity. All other engagements will have to be made with such as are already in profitable service, and must be proportionately liberal in the proffered terms. It may be concluded, therefore, that it is very unlikely that any transfer of management in Drury Lane Theatre will take place during the present season—though it is quite possible that, as the operatic speculation has been tried and found wanting, we may witness a return to the regular drama in the autumn. Before that time there will have been ample opportunity for ripening some system upon which to conduct the ensuing campaign. The talent in the provinces must be carefully inquired into, and what remarkable promise it affords should be offered the sufficient means for showing its highest amount of capability. That there is seed that will repay the care of cultivation, we have not the slightest doubt. At present, so far from being assisted by the general intention of managements it has to seek means for maturity in its spite.

#### THE TRUNKMAKER.

#### MR. HAY'S DECORATION OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS HALL.

MR. D. R. HAY of Edinburgh has of late years very much distinguished himself in the excellent endeavour to throw into house-decoration artistic principle.

He has done more than this,—he has aimed at the high character of a philosophical investigator of the principles of BEAUTY-VISIBLE. He has given us a series of treatises on FORM and COLOUR with the purpose and pretension of opening up the elemental system on which the constitution of visible pleasantness proceeds in these its two excesses.

On FORM he has given us

*The Natural Principles and Analogy of the Harmony of Form.* 1842.

*Essay on Proportion, or the Geometric principle of Beauty.* 1843.

*Essay on Ornamental Design.* 1844-5.

*First Principles of Symmetrical Beauty.* 1846.

On COLOUR we have

*The Laws of Harmonious Colouring.* 1828.

*The Principles of Beauty in Colouring systematized.* 1846.

Mr. Hay has thus been by no means an idle man. And it is also to be observed that his efforts have had by no means unexalted ends in view.

As a writer on house-painting—an expounder of practical principles of colouring—Mr. Hay has most creditably succeeded; but as a philosophical theorist,—as regards FORM especially, and as regards COLOUR also in great measure,—Mr. Hay has most signally failed. There are rules of Harmony in Colour, and rules of Proportion in Form, just as there are rules of Concord in Sound.

And that all these have strict analogy in the Relation of Numbers is a fact in the perfection of the system of Nature; and is very valuable as a means of illustrating and systematising them. But that the full system of Beauty-visible is accessible as easily or even at all as plainly as that of numerical relation need not be expected. If we understand him aright, Mr. Hay expects it; and his principles therefore are but a few crude analogies, and his system a fragment of an idea. Mr. Hay is not a philosopher. It is not at all to his discredit; but it is well that this should be understood. The fulness of "the principles of Beauty in Colouring" are very much beyond his reach; and as for "the principles of Symmetrical Beauty" (a much more difficult matter still) he might just as well pretend to be investigating the geology of the Georgium Sidus.

But although we could not expect to find in Mr. D. R. Hay a philosopher, we expected to find in him something very valuable as a Decorator. When we heard that the Society of Arts' Hall had been committed to his hands we anticipated a great deal. We are miserably disappointed.

The cause of our disappointment is a very simple one when it is clearly looked at. As a specimen of harmonious colouring we are disposed to feel extremely pleased with Mr. Hay's work. Here lies his proper vocation,—as a house-painter—a designer of the *colouring*—he displays very valuable powers. But here his pretensions ought to end,—he is nothing more than this. And beyond this his work is the extremest abortion—most unprincipled in the judgment and most unlovely in the eye. As a colourist, Mr. Hay has produced very beautiful colouring; but as an architect he has outraged all fact in the extremest degree, and as a designer of form he has but painted up a lasting record of a most painful mental hallucination. The ceiling of the Society of Arts Hall, dear distant reader, is painted to represent a mosaic marble floor! and its "geometric harmony" is neither more nor less than a kind of old fashioned floor-cloth pattern of the queerest and stiffest and most unmeaning of Euclid-figures possible—the merest mathematics that ever the eye could see.

We published in our last number a paper by Mr. Hay which was distributed to visitors at the Hall and read to the Society at its last week's meeting. No more is needed than to read this to see at once and very clearly the monstrous absurdity of what Mr. Hay facetiously calls the "rationale" of his ceiling. It sounds very pretty, the "*giallo antico, rosso antico, lapis lazuli*, and inlaid gold,"—the flat band on the flat ceiling of "statuary marble," and the other mouldings ditto,—the "*siena*" of the dome,—and all the rest of it; but how does this accord with *Construction*? Even granting the use of paint to represent material, Mr. Hay must paint with the facts of the represented material in view. Else he paints *unnaturally*; and Architecture cannot depart from Nature. If the fiction of paint is allowed, it must always be founded on fact. Mr. Hay's ceiling is a constructional caricature.

We will not say much about it, but we should certainly have preferred Mr. Hay to have used his paint as *paint*—to represent *paint*. He might have made a very beautiful thing of it without the "*giallo antico, rosso antico, lapis lazuli*, and inlaid gold,"—he might have kept to the *fact* of

*plaster-work and painting and gill*, and done very well after all.

The logic of Mr. Hay whereby he obtains his "geometric harmony" is exquisitely amusing, if the subject were at all interesting. But as the whole is a mere crotchet we shall not pause upon it. The common-sense *dictum* on the practical result must be that it is very poor work indeed. How these forms of mere geometry can be imagined by Mr. Hay to be in any way lovely, far less the essence of loveliness (as his books seem to say) is beyond our power of conception, except we suppose him to be very much crazed in the matter.

If Mr. Hay had been called in as the designer of *colouring alone*—to be the house-painter and no more, an excellent house-painter he is—most valuable indeed in that department. But in the sum total of his work the credit of his colour is counterbalanced by such huge debits in the Form-design and the propriety upon fact that our chief marvel is how the powers that be could have ever sanctioned so thoroughly preposterous a design. As there is no means of arriving at the summit of excellence but great educational improvement, so there is no means so thorough for reaching the *acme* of absurdity as great educational perversion. Mr. Hay has educated himself into a most valuable colourist, but he has educated himself also into the most ridiculous crotchets on Form that are easily to be met with. Let him keep to his own province as a *painter*, and we have much need of him; but his value is a prodigious negative when he essays in the other departments.

K.

#### THE FINE ARTS.

##### FUZELI.

HENRY FUZELI, the friend of Reynolds and Lavater, was one of the most distinguished and accomplished men of his time, and undoubtedly the greatest genius of his day. His Milton Gallery showed a range of imagination equal to the poets; his "Satan bridging Chaos;" his "Uriel watching Satan;" his "Shepherd's Dream;" his "Fairies, from Shakspeare;" and his "Ghost in Hamlet," announce him as being the greatest inventor in art since Julio Romano. But in the modes of conveying his thoughts by form, colour, light, and shadow, and above all, nature, he was a monster in design. His women are all strumpets, and his men all banditti, with the action of galvanised frogs, the dress of mountebanks, and the hue of pestilential putridity. No man had the power like Fuzeli of rousing the dormant spirit of youth; and there issued from his inspirations a nucleus of painters, who have been the firmest supporters of the British school.

But Fuzeli, as a painter, must be a warning to all. Had he taken the trouble to convey his thoughts like the great masters, his pictures would have risen as time advanced; yet, as time advances, his pictures, from having no hold on our feelings like the simplicity of nature, must sink. His conceptions, however poetical, are not enough to satisfy the mind in an art, the elements of which are laid in lovely nature; and great as his genius was in fancy and conception—inventor as he was in art of fairies and ghosts—he will never be an object to imitate; but always to avoid by young men, who are more likely to lay hold of his defects than his beauties. The finest conception of a ghost that was ever painted, was the "Ghost in Hamlet on the battlements." There it quivered with martial stride, pointing to a place of meeting with *Hamlet*; and round his vizored head was a halo of light that looked sulphureous, and made one feel as if one actually smelt hell, burning, cindery, and suffocating. The dim moon glittered behind; the sea roared in the distance, as if



agitated by the presence of a supernatural spirit, and the ghost looked at *Hamlet* with eyes that glared like the light in the eyes of a lion which is savagely growling over its bloody food. But still it was a German ghost, and not the ghost of Shakspeare. There was nothing in it to touch human sympathies combined with the infernal; there was nothing at all of "his sable-silvered beard," or his countenance "more in sorrow than in anger." It was a fierce, demoniacal, armed fiend, reeking from hell, who had not yet expiated "the crimes done in his days of nature" to qualify him for heaven. His next finest works were the two fairy pictures for the Shakspeare Gallery, some diving into harebells, some sailing in Bottom's shoe; but beautiful as they were, indeed the only fairies ever painted, still your heart longed for nature in colour, form, action, and expression. Such an union had the Greeks, and no art in the world will be perfect until it appears again. These pictures are evidences of the highest conception in the fanciful and supernatural. His "Lazar House" is an evidence of his power of pathos; his "Eriel and Satan" of the poetical; his "Puck putting on a girdle," of the humorous and mischievous. But when Fuzeli attempted the domestic, as in the illustration of Cowper, his total want of nature stares one in the face like the eyes of his own ghosts. Never were the consequences of disdaining the daily life before your eyes, or of affecting to be above it, so fatally developed as in this series of designs.—*B. R. Haydon on Painting.*

#### THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS IN TROUBLE AGAIN.

We were somehow flattering ourselves that the Institute and we were very excellent friends indeed at present. We had stretched a point some weeks ago to say a good many very civil things of the Institute,—in the Wellington statue business; and we fancied that we had got quite into its good graces. We even intended to have gone to its next meeting by way of allowing ourselves a kind of Christmas box. When lo!—all that's bright must fade, and Rumour, with her long trumpet, comes to blow all our beautiful imaginings away, to destroy our expectations of favour and to put immensely out of the question our anticipated treat.

The Institute has made up its mind that a fell CONSPIRACY has been set on foot to overturn its throne; and that we ARE PART OF THE CONSPIRACY! Bless the poor soul! we don't think there exists any CONSPIRACY against it,—we really don't. And we are very certain indeed that we are not engaged in any.

What should we conspire against the Institute for? We wish its reform,—certainly. But it is not therefore necessary that we conspire. Honesty is said to be the best policy,—and we are simple enough to have a habit of telling our mind. "Let thine eyes look right on" advises Solomon,—and we have a habit of saying exactly what we mean. We wish to see the Institute change its principles. And we have said so. And exactly so. We say we do not wish to see it overturned or damaged. And it is true. We do not see at all a necessity to conspire.

What should we conspire against the Institute for, again? We confess to the firm expectation of seeing our proposed reform effected. But it would be a very bad cause indeed if this required conspiracy. The ruling Gods of the Institute would be very hopeless old gentlemen if this required conspiracy. We have laid down plainly in honest English words what we would have; it is new, and must have a little time to tell; but it will tell,—it has honest English souls to tell upon,—and time is all that is needed,—there is no need for conspiracy.

On the contrary, we wish the Institute a happy new year, and many returns,—with all our heart. And we wish it the good destiny of improvement in this new year,—and of continuing advancement in the many returns. And it is only because it is

the best wish we can wish it that we wish it the good fortune of being driven in this new year into a revision of its principles and kept in years to come closely and severely to its true good purpose.

#### MR. DONALDSON AND MR. LEEDS.—No. 1.

Hollo!  
Hollo!  
I've cotch'd a Tartar.  
Then fetch 'um along.  
But a' wont come.  
Then come along 'athout 'um.  
But a' wont let me.

Mr. Donaldson is Professor T. L. Donaldson.  
Mr. Leeds is CANDIDUS.

And of a surety Mr. Donaldson is not a timorous man, else there is, we should suppose, one person in this world of ours whom he would scarcely covet to engage,—although that one person should be Mr. W. H. Leeds. For a good many years now has CANDIDUS, in the most unscrupulous exercise of his motto-claim

"I must have liberty  
"Withal, as large a charter as the winds  
"To blow on whom I please,"

been "a terror unto evil doers," if not so much "a praise unto them that do well." We have never read his dreadful "Note-book" except with—certainly no desire to be in it. We had set it down long ago as a first maxim of architectural wisdom to keep to the weather side of CANDIDUS,—to avoid his great goose-quill as we would avoid—no matter what. And now that a champion comes out—actually to attack him, and with fully his own unscrupulousness,—we feel a kind of awe. *Quod non fecerunt Everybody-else, fecit Professor-donaldsonus.* We know of no one else to have done it. The world must look on in silence while two such mighty men of valour fight.

Mr. Donaldson makes the best speech of almost any man in the royal aggregate of the Institute of British Architects. And he is fond of making a speech, of course,—and very right. And when he is in excellent trim, of course he makes the better speech and has the better inclination for it. He would appear to have been in very excellent condition indeed at the last sitting of the royal body aforesaid. And the consequence was that the genius of speechmaking led him into scene the first of one of the prettiest comedies (if we mistake not) that could be wished for to enliven these Christmas days. Architecture on that eventful evening had Mr. S. Angell for its Jupiter and Mr. T. L. Donaldson for its Mercurius. Mr. Donaldson made three separate sallies in three separate directions. And in one of these he certainly had the fate to catch a Tartar.

In flight first he attacked poor Sir Robert Smirke, upon the strength of somebody presenting a little ivory bust of one Thomas Saunders.

"Professor Donaldson referred to Mr. Saunders's remarks on sound in connection with the construction of theatres, and other of his works. Saunders was the architect of the Townley Gallery, in the British Museum, which, curiously enough, had been put up for sale that day, and was to be removed to make room for a fresh building; whether this would be better than the former might admit of argument."—*Builder.*

This passed by.

Sally the second we shall put last.

Sally the third. Mr. Mocatta had read a paper on—of all things in the world!—a DISTILLERY!—Tanks and tubs and worms and vats and taps and wort and proof and over proof and all the rest of it—whew! how beautiful to see! And the Fine Art Architecture was glad; and after the *Dii minores* had duly clapped their hands, Mr. Donaldson, boiling over with paternal spirit, rose (with much emotion, doubtless) to place on Mr. Mocatta's head the rewarding wreath.

"Mr. Donaldson complimented Mr. Mocatta on his paper, and said he was much pleased to see so practical a view of the subject taken by one who had already proved himself an artist. (Whom was

this meant for?) An architect who rightly estimated not a fever fear grappling special or new subjects, he would find his knowledge of principles and his general information would carry him successfully through."—*Builder.*

Now this same sally the third has a good deal of the father in it,—more than we commonly find in such circumstances. It is plain that Mr. Donaldson had been wrought up to this pitch by some previous uncommon agency. It was sally the second. After sally the second, sally the third wears by no means an extravagant aspect. In sally the second Mr. Donaldson had done very daring deed, and he was worthy now in sally the third to assume high fame. He had grappled with a Leeds, and it was no stretch of dignity now to do the daddy on a Mocatta.

Sally the second is reported thus.

Mr. Donaldson presented some parts of the work, "Ancient and Modern Architecture, by various Authors" (*Monumens Anciens et Modernes* &c.), and said he could not avoid taking that opportunity to speak of a recent article on architecture in the *Westminster Review*, the object of which was to cast a reproach upon the profession most unjustly. The writer of it had shewn his ignorance or his want of candour when complaining of the want of proper books, by not quoting the work he, Mr. Donaldson, had been presented, or Batissier's "*Histoire de l'Art Monumental*," which gave a perfect history of architecture. The reviewer did not know the literature of architecture, or he would not have been so bold as to make the assertions he did. He thought it due to the profession to exonerate it from charges prompted by questionable intentions. In that same article it was asserted, that the Institute had refused a most liberal offer made by Mr. Weale, to engrave and publish the works of the members if they would furnish the drawings. In the first place this sounded more liberal than it really was;—the preparation of drawings fit for engraving was an expensive thing, and in the next place, the offer never was made. The writer of the article was understood to be the writer of the notices in the "Companion of the Almanac," of which the article in the *Westminster* professed to be a review. He also wrote under different signatures in the *Engineers' Journal*, and other papers, quoting himself, and spreading the same statements in different quarters, so as to make the public believe there were many persons of the same opinion, while in reality there was but one. It was high time such a system was exposed."—*Builder.*

The "Reviewer" in question is not accustomed to be reviewed in this way. He has not been trained under the whip of the critic sufficiently to take the lash quietly. So Mr. Donaldson must not be surprised if this scene first should soon have a scene second to be tagged to it. We have headed our notice No. 1.

The obnoxious article in the *Westminster Review* is No. III. of its last number, signed with the initial "L." It appears as a review of 1. *The Companion to the Almanac*, or *Year-book of General Information* and 2. *A Glossary of Terms used in Gothic Architecture*;—and is, properly speaking, a "Magazine article" on "Architectural Study and Records," (it is so titled on the pages,) the two works mentioned being pegs to hang the article upon, in the usual way. Its general gist complains that Architecture is so little understood, suggests that it might be made more than at present a subject for general education, casts incidental censure upon "the profession" as culpable in exclusiveness and coldwaterism, and pronounces their best policy to lie in a contrary course. The following extracts will serve to lay down the ground and also to show the *causa belli*.

"One thing, however, professional men ought by this time to have learnt from the very grievances they complain of, namely, that it would be to their own interest, as a body, and to that of their art, were the public better acquainted with architecture; since it is the public that are their employers: accordingly, to their taste, be it bad or good, they must defer.

"Considered in their relation to the public, as one branch of the general family of artists, the condition of architects is a more peculiar than enviable one. They have chosen to make themselves separatists, saying, if not in express terms, to all who are not within the pale of the profession, or on its immediate borders,—‘Presume not to understand—seek not to become participators in our mysterious lore, which is not to be apprehended except by the formally initiated.’ By thus raising themselves and their art above the jurisdiction of popular opinion, they cut it off from popular sympathy, and deprive themselves of one great incentive to exertion—the consciousness that, as in the other fine arts, so in theirs, they can be appreciated by others than their professional brethren and rivals, and widely beyond their own immediate sphere. Jealousy of amateurship is mean,—apprehension that the throwing open the study of architecture would be throwing open the practice of it is absurd. How much more liberal and enlightened policy would it then be on the part of the profession, to encourage, promote and facilitate the study of architecture, and render it, if possible, a popular one."

"Of books, however, very few are adapted to non-professional students, or calculated to invite persons to become such. On the contrary, many who feel disposed to enter upon the study, are deterred from it *in limine* by the very unprepossessing approaches, and by the sort of *Cave canem* inscription that startles and sends them back again. Architects themselves have rarely ever written except to their own class,—if not exclusively so, chiefly so. In all that comes from their pen there is too much of what is merely technical and practical,—what is quite unnecessary, and not only unnecessary for, but repulsive to, the general reader, while what would be instructive and interesting to the latter is with them only incidental, and not even to be discovered without searching for it, and getting it in scraps and bits. There is, besides, generally too much of the *magister* and pedagogue in their writings; they are apt to be too drily didactic and dogmatic, even on mere points of opinion and taste, rarely condescending to anything like argumentative criticism or reasoning, but expecting that their decisively delivered judgments many of which, if fairly examined into, would be found to be no better than conventionalities and prejudices—should be received implicitly, and deferred to without appeal. On the other hand, publications claiming to be considered ‘popular’ books on the subject are, if not tedious, for the most part very superficial, insufficient, and meagre; sometimes the merest second-hand compilations, put together in the most slovenly manner."

"One great and tolerably obvious desideratum in architectural literature there is, which no one seems to be at all disposed to fill up; on the contrary, almost every one appears exceedingly shy of even approaching it. While the history of the art in former periods has been and continues to be served up to us again and again in scores of different publications, we have neither in our own nor any other language a satisfactory and connected history of it during the last two or three centuries. As if by common consent, all writers on it invariably break off towards the close of the sixteenth century, if not earlier, without attempting to carry it on any further; so that from that time we can follow it only through partial fragmentary notices, some of them fuller perhaps than could be afforded in a *Corpus Historie*, but not supplying the place of one, nor rendering one unnecessary."

"Comparatively so very little has been done at all systematically for the history of modern and recent architecture, that, to be adequately executed, a work upon the subject would require co-operation both of talent and research, and would accordingly be a fitter undertaking for an academy, or some such body as the ‘Institute,’ than for an individual, unless, indeed, he possessed, together with more than ordinary enthusiasm, ample means of securing all requisite assistance. So far is anything of the kind from

being done, that it is scarcely so much as attempted—hardly a beginning made towards it, except very feebly and imperfectly. The Institute, which if disposed, and earnestly so, might accomplish much, effects nothing whatever. It might keep a record of all contemporary structures of any pretension or note, as they are from time to time erected. It might establish an Archive, and invite professional men to deposit in it drawings of buildings executed by them; and models might be received also, so as to form in time a Gallery or Museum of Architecture, which museum ought to be freely opened to the public. Let us not be told of obstacles and difficulties: difficulties of course there are, but not insuperable ones, and the greatest obstacle of all seems to be the want of sincere and hearty desire to carry any scheme of the kind into effect, although it would tend to give architecture itself greater importance in the eyes of the public, as a branch of fine art and design. We would have the Institute go further, and take up an independent position for the art and the profession by establishing an *annual exhibition* also of drawings and models; or if not an annual, a biennial or triennial congress of such productions. *Fac periculum*, say we; at least let the experiment be made, for of its success we have very little doubt."

"In all professions there are those who find their account in the ignorance of the public; accordingly, in that of architecture as well as the rest, there may be some who are of opinion that the public already understand quite as much of architecture as it ought to do. At the same time, let us hope that the main body of the profession agree with ourselves, and will assist in breaking down those barriers and prejudices which have hitherto prevented the study of their art from becoming a popular one."

Note. "Since our article was set up, we have met with the following anecdote in print:—A year or two ago, the council of the Institute actually rejected a most liberal proposition on the part of Mr. Weale, who, after representing how desirable it was that authentic designs of new buildings should be edited by such a body as the Institute, offered to take upon himself all the expenses of such a work, and to deliver to the Institute 250 copies of each volume, provided they would obtain the requisite drawings and descriptions from the respective architects."

What there is in all this (and our extracts are what we suppose chiefly to contain the offence) to excite the individual anger of Mr. Donaldson is not at once apparent. But angry, and very much so, he certainly was; and his retaliation on the public enemy for the public benefit was neither ambiguous nor restricted. He brings forward heavy charges heavily and heartily. He has caught a Tartar, we have no doubt. We look for No. 2. with considerable interest.

People may wonder what there can be to quarrel about in so peaceful a matter as Architecture. But so this world of ours is formed, that the *odium theologicum* rages notoriously in an inverse ratio with the difference of creed, and the most quiet looking little communities frequently are the hotbeds of the most hearty war. Those who are in the secrets of the architectural world will expect a rich treat in this most promising quarrel.

*A Letter addressed to the Council of the Head Government School of Design, November 3, 1846.*  
By CHARLES JAMES RICHARDSON, M.S.B.A., F.S.A. One of the Evening Masters.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—I beg to assure you that it is with great diffidence I presume to lay this address before you. I have been but twelve months a master in the head Government School of Design, and fear that it may be considered presumptuous in me to urge the strong objections I have to the system of instruction as carried on in the school. But, although the last appointed master, I am slightly the senior in point of age, and am, perhaps, much more so in professional standing,—“I am an older soldier, not a better,”—and

perhaps for that cause, and for the still stronger reason that I know my colleagues are, either more or less, as much opposed as myself to some of the general principles of instruction in the school, I venture on the shortest course of conveying my sentiments to yourselves on the subject.

Should my views differ from your own, it will be matter of deep regret to me, but I shall at least possess the consciousness of having recorded my testimony in opposition to a system which offers instruction in the arts only in an academic or theoretical manner to those who have neither time nor resources to avail themselves of such a boon—to those whose necessities require the union of practical results with every development of theory, and whose occupations and exigencies render the shortest and plainest road to their object the best.

The application of the arts to manufactures is of the utmost importance to young men in humble life;—to ourselves, it is the lowest branch of our professional practice. With these mingled feelings, and with a sincere desire that the course of instruction pursued in the school may tend in the right direction, I beg to lay before you the following remarks:—

The pupils of the school are selected out of a class who have to live by their daily labour, as operative artisans. The ultimate object proposed is, or at any rate it should be so, to teach each pupil the artistic part of his particular business. We all agree that the first step should be to give him a good knowledge of drawing. This should be his grammar; no man can correctly express his sentiments until he has a sound knowledge of his accidence; no one can correctly place his ideas of form on paper till he can draw correctly. But for all the purposes we profess, twelve months' instruction would be ample. Our *practical* course should then commence; our pupil should be encouraged to bring his shop patterns, the drawings he works from, no matter how dirty, provided they relate practically to his business. He should then, with the assistance the school would give, be taught to draw them again, and to mark the difference. If he has no such drawings, they should be supplied by the school: they do not require to be elaborate; a few dark lines, such as many theoretical persons would treat with contempt, are, in the early stages, of more use to the class of students with whom we have to do, than the most exquisite Italian drawings. We have silversmiths, chasers, masons, lamp-makers, cabinet-makers, brass-founders, among the students. I need not remark upon the interest a young man would naturally feel in those matters that form his daily business; but I would ask whether his feelings of emulation would not receive an additional impulse when he found he was in the way to elevate himself in his business, to be of more use to his employer, and to receive better wages? A young man, of but little ability, might be made something of by a course of *practical* instruction; had he ever so great abilities, he cannot make much progress without it.

Permit me, my lords and gentlemen, to say with the greatest respect, that the young men look for this kind of instruction, are perpetually asking for it, and are disappointed in not obtaining it, and this is the reason that we find, as the Report of 1845 and 1846 will show, the average attendance of the evening pupils is but eleven months, and that only one has remained three or four years. This latter period is the minimum time each should remain who wished at all to excel.

In most cases, except perhaps the highest branches of historical painting, the art of design depends on practical knowledge. It is, in fact, frequently the art of construction; there, as we all know, without practical knowledge no excellence can be attained. With the most brilliant intellect no architect has yet excelled without practical knowledge, and I maintain, our system of teaching theory without practice, is as absurd as it would be to confine the architect to the study of the higher mathematics alone, or to force the landscape painter to pass his whole time in the study of the anatomy of the human figure, or the fresco of Michael Angelo.



The feelings of the Council on the subject of design were very ably stated by the chairman at the late exhibition. The students were strongly recommended to repress all ambitious desires with regard to design. It is very excellent advice. But let me ask, my lords and gentlemen, whether the very simple subjects in which they are required to exercise their inventive faculties are to be called ambitious? Can patterns for carpets, lace, mugs, picture frames, and teatrays be treated as if they were cartoons for historical pictures, or designs for regal palaces? If it is to be a school of design, and not merely a school of copyism, I cannot conceive more fitting subjects to develop the genius of the pupils. As soon as the student has learnt the practical application of drawing to his own business, he should not only be permitted, but encouraged, to design, or draw out suitable matters connected with it. In most cases I would confine him to elementary form, to hard lines, and to simple colour. The master should then point out the various successes and failures, and show the simple principles on which the general symmetry of the design would depend, and should place before him such approved examples as would illustrate his positions.

Permit me most respectfully to urge, my lords and gentlemen, that your system is not of this kind. It is one of pure theory, and in no way differs from that which has been taught in many schools in London at least fifty years, which have always been conducted by mere drawing-masters, and where the application of art to commerce or manufactures is never even dreamed of. For my own part, I can only say, I have never been permitted, during the period I have been at the school, to give the slightest practical direction to the study of the pupils. I have always been instructed to make my tuition purely elementary, and have been always told that the young men must apply it as they best could to their several callings; and, for this strange reason, that were it not so, the young men would become drudges to their masters, who would reap a fortune through their acquirements. A most illogical deduction, it appears to me, that the designer should become a drudge, and the mere copyist should not.

In order to illustrate the system pursued, I would beg, my lords and gentlemen, to mention one case which occurred a few months since. One of my pupils, a young man, a master ironmonger, requested me to show him how to draw an ornamental stove front. He had been some time in the School of Design, and was a good draughtsman. I accordingly set him to work, when the director interfered, took the young man under his own tuition, placed before him an elevation of the Temple of Theseus, from Stuart, and directed him to copy it by a scale of modules and minutes. In a few evenings the young man left the school. By the same system my three classes of ornamental drawing, architecture, and perspective lost, in the middle of the season, from ten to fifteen of the senior pupils, who would willingly have remained, had they been allowed such a course of study as could have been practically applied to their several businesses. And thus it is the school is filled only with lads; the system drives away the artisan, and can only be of service to the young student of a class above that which the school is intended to benefit; it is not even successful here, for the numbers in the advanced classes have dwindled sadly, within the last twelve months, and the work of the masters has been in inverse ratio to that expected of them.

I will with great deference, my lords and gentlemen, bring before your notice that the House of Commons Committee on Arts and Manufactures, in 1836, which led to the formation of the Schools of Design, took the view I point out of the subject. In their report, p. 5, noticing the evidence of Professor Waagen, they state, "The inventive powers of the artist ought equally to be brought to bear on the special manufacture which he is destined hereafter to pursue; this principle is judiciously adopted in the *Gewerb* institution at Berlin; in which after one year of general instruction

in art, the pupil selects a branch of manufacture which he has chosen: unless the arts and manufactures be practically combined, the unsuccessful aspirants after the higher branches of the arts will be infinitely multiplied, and the deficiency of manufacturing artists will not be supplied."

I have now, my lords and gentlemen, endeavoured to show the working of the system as now carried out by the School of Design, and its results as to the pupils;—allow me most respectfully to lay before you some of the results as regards the masters. And here I would beg at once that it should be clearly understood, that I in no way reflect upon either the personal or professional conduct of the director. He does but carry out, as it is his duty, the system imposed on him; and when we reflect how many systems there are that present the most attractive appearances, and that seem to claim the instant acquiescence of every one, and yet, like a stately mansion on a bad foundation, exhibit, one by one, flaws, fissures, and defects, I am sure you will do me the credit of permitting me to animadvert upon what I conceive to be the palpable defects of this system, without supposing that I have any private or personal feelings to indulge. It is of the system I complain; and I think I shall show that one of its worst features is the continual constraint, the (I could almost say) jealous supervision it compels the director to exercise over the masters—a control, I know I may say, as distasteful to that gentleman as to ourselves; and that it is distasteful to us, that it is irksome and vexatious in the extreme, may be judged from the fact that we are degraded from the professional rank I believe we all hold, and are treated as mere drawing-masters.

We are not allowed the slightest opinion as to the mode of study required by each class of pupils, one common dry routine being allotted to all—the whole of the copies placed before the young men are selected for us—our pupils are removed from class to class, and that sometimes in the middle of a course, without our knowledge. Our hands, in fact, are completely tied, and no motive power is allowed to operate in the school which would insure the decided progress of the pupils—the principle of instruction being purely one of copyism, supposed to lead towards a theoretical system of high art, tends more in reality to create a secondary class of artists, than to supply the known deficiency of manufacturing draughtsmen. We entered the school expecting that our exertions, after some few years, would lead to honourable distinction. We had a heavy and national task to perform, and each gave up willingly a portion of his professional time to aid the objects required by the government. Our pecuniary emolument is far, very far, below what the ordinary exercise of our respective professions produces. I say it without fear of contradiction, it is a love of art alone, and the feeling that as we develop it we raise ourselves in the estimation of the public, that gives us all so warm an interest in the School of Design—but under the present system, it appears that were we to remain in the school for twenty years we should toil on as mere drawing-masters; our names need never be brought before yourselves, nor could we by any possibility obtain the least reputation or notice from the public. It is this feeling that now impels me, at the risk of being supposed to be too rash in my judgment, and too intrusive in my opinion, to state thus boldly my views on the matter. And I would at once ask, can our schools ever be expected to rival those of France and Germany, when the authority of the master is so lowered in the eyes of the pupils? I would not arrogantly place myself in comparison with the great painters of the Continent, but would ask whether any artist of any reputation there would give his aid for one instant, if subjected to such treatment?

In our Royal Academy the president's situation is merely one of honorary distinction, and the keeper, the most active of all the officers, never thinks of exercising any sort of control over his fellow-academicians. If such duty were required of him, I am sure his high feeling as an artist would not allow him to undertake it.

The masters, my lords and gentlemen, only desire that their professional capabilities, such as they are, should be made the most of. The pupils only require that they may be brought forward in a direction suited to their particular business. This cannot be done if the masters are kept under the control, and under a system directed by non-professional men.

The masters, I humbly submit, should be brought into more intimate connection with your own body; we should be permitted to make our own reports, and to advise with and consult immediately with yourselves. We should have the arrangement and sole control of our own classes, and the selection of copies and examples should be left wholly with us. In short, my lords and gentlemen, we should be made directly responsible to yourselves, and allowed the same standing in the school that we now hold out of it.

With regard to the pupils, a class of design over which the masters should equally preside should be formed, and the students permitted to enter it after twelve months' elementary instruction. I repeat it, we are at present a mere school for copyists, and not at all a school of design.

A middle class should be formed for the higher academic branches of art, as painting, whether in oil, fresco, or tempera, study from the life, &c.;—into this, the pupils of the class of design should enter from time to time for further improvement.

The elementary ornamental class, which will always be the largest in the school, should have a much better selection of casts and examples. The majority of subjects supplied me to place before the pupils are chiefly mere theoretical German and French prints and lithographs, with a few Roman and French casts;—of Grecian ornaments, the purest, chastest, and most beautiful of all forms, we have not five examples, although the British Museum would furnish us with a vast collection of casts of the very highest character.

Every encouragement should be offered, and every inducement held out to the pupils, to do their utmost for the annual exhibitions. Could but a generous spirit of emulation be excited among the pupils, and particularly in what I contend the true objects of the school, the development of original genius, and its application to practical purposes, the annual exhibition, which I submit should be opened gratuitously to the public for several weeks during each vacation, would draw together the manufacturers from all parts of the kingdom to view it. The names of the pupils would be thus brought before the men likely to employ them, and those who had abilities would be certain, at least, of independence; and in many cases a higher class than the manufacturing tradesmen would be ready to patronise and reward the young designer.

When I reflect upon the poverty of the exhibition of this year—a mere collection of academic copies—and when I call your attention to the fact of the falling off of the pupils, both in numbers and in frequency of attendance, I am sure, my lords and gentlemen, I shall be forgiven for expressing my opinions, and, I may add, the sentiments of my colleagues, so freely.

I may also be pardoned for reminding you that we are members of the same profession, as expensively educated, and if of not such high professional standing as many gentlemen who have the honour of a seat among your own body, it must be remembered that we are their juniors. And I may also be allowed to state, that though I do not approve of the system, I have given it a fair trial: I have faithfully discharged my duty in the school, and have taken care that there should be neither neglect nor insubordination in any way.

In the trust that the ensuing season may produce better results; that the school may once more flourish and become what it ought to be, a School of Design; and that our exhibition next year may evince the genius of the pupils, and the active exertions of the masters.

I have the honour to subscribe myself, my lords and gentlemen, your very humble servant,

CHARLES JAMES RICHARDSON.

## THE DRAMA.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE. — While sauntering through Oxford Street, absorbed in the endeavour to reduce the philosophy of the beautiful to regulation and principle, and remarking how favourably the abrupt modulation from intense frost into the then comfortableness of temperature, had affected the lilies and roses in the complexions of the fair pedestrians that make the ornamentation of that favoured locality. By-the-bye, we may as well proclaim at once, as our individual belief, and one for which we are prepared to combat à l'outrance against *qui que ce soit*, that there is more of exquisite loveliness, in the specimens of maids, wives, and widows, to be looked upon on the north side of Oxford Street, than anywhere else upon the surface of "this sure and firm set earth!" This pet belief of our heart of hearts has been fortified again and again, by the acknowledgment of travelled experience in every one of those to whom we have, from time to time, made confession of this article in our creed; and among these have been sundry very erudite and enquiring individuals, who have wasted no opportunities for making themselves familiar with the samples of every variety of clime of which his vagrant fortune has made him the denizen. If any wight exists that is so benighted as to doubt our asseveration, let him select some genial three p.m., in the very ides of May, and take the darlings in review before he ventures to contradict in words. By-the-bye, while observing on the change of complexion, as connected with the modification in the thermometer, a most safe and sapient precept for bachelors, imposed itself unasked upon our cogitiveness, and suggested a prescription worthy the attention of the marrying bachelor that is an admirer of beauty—we are, ourselves, one of its most enthusiastic of worshippers, and have been so for more than half a century—but that is neither here nor there—where were we? Right, an admirer of beauty, and had recorded an oath that he would only sacrifice his cigar, his cider cellar, and his single blessedness at the shrine of something plummy in the angelic order. Now, if he would be secure in obtaining the real article that he intends to bargain for, he must assent to one condition. That he shall religiously eschew all swinnying in summer time. We would whisper this privately to him, so that the girls may not hear us, for we would not offend them for anything; indeed, the remark does not apply at all to you miss; but there are some, you know it yourself, that are endowed with the most fascinating manners, and withal so good looking as to be exceedingly dangerous on a fine day, but yet who, with "rubies will garnish their tips" whenever your Fahrenheit marks 35 degrees. The only means of security from such a risk is, the determination of soberly setting aside the season of making love, until the season arrives when the article you would cheapen looks its worst. The system has, besides a multitude of distinct recommendations; among which we will mention that they are not nearly so tyrannical at those times, as when in all the dazzling glory of their charms; they are less consequential and far more coxable. But, where were we? Oh! in Oxford Street. Well then, while noting these effects in the weather, and correcting and perfecting our beau ideal by reference to the choice and particular nature continually presenting itself to our examination, we saw before us in large letters. The *Seven Maids of Munich*—and we very mechanically, and without any thought of farther inquiries, paid our two shillings, and walked into the pit of the Princess's Theatre; then—but not till then—when seated in the front row in the very corner of O. P., did we commence an examination of the bill we had purchased at the door; when—Oh, horror! It was an opera! Now, reader, do not despise us; but the *Trunkmaker* is not what is called musical. "Tell it not in Gath!" Nay, but listen. We would only intimate that he is not what is called musical, as times go; he has not acquired the talent of affecting rapture at

what he does not care about. He had very lately patiently listened to a Georgiana something singing something—mind, it was called singing by the music-loving people, not by him—well, he had heard that, and he had looked around him, and had observed that the musical people were not annoyed, and he acknowledged to himself that his diaphragm was not a musical diaphragm, for it was continually wincing under an infliction to which the musical people seemed to have become hardened by constant exposure. This love of music, he then concluded, was like smoking, that makes one sick at first, but the stomach gradually arranges itself on practice. We never did think the smoking worth the trouble, neither will we now expose our intestines to uncomfortableness, for what musical people are contented to call music, and we vowed a vow; and, after all this, low and behold the placidity of our diaphragm was again in jeopardy. While ruminating upon an invention, by which we might secure a retreat unnoticed, a gentleman, with one white glove and a very short stick of the dimensions of one of those pea-shooters with which we were wont to indulge in firing at our ancient French tutor's nose, when he nodded over his desk of an afternoon. Our French tutor, reader, was an Irishman, and given to potatoes of gin and water; but that's neither here nor there. Where were we? Oh! the gentleman with the pea-shooter—no, the baton is the word—commenced a variety of motions, that gradually mesmerised our faculties into quietness, and the overture commenced, proceeded, and concluded, without producing any discomfort to our internals. Indeed, we felt rather gratified than otherwise; and, whether it was the baton or the overture itself that tickled us, we passed the ordeal very creditably, and even struck the back of the stalls several times with violence at its conclusion. By-the-bye, these stalls are very comfortable contrivances. Under the ancient regime there was always a difficulty in disposing of one's hat, but now we have the satisfaction of knowing that our gossamer is even better off than we are; for there is a row of cushions expressly provided for its reception. This is one of the very few symptoms of attentiveness on the part of modern management. Well, after examining carefully the entire bill, to make sure there were no Georgianas among the *dramatis persone*, we looked round us confidently, as if we also were musical, and rested. The opera began very pleasantly with a song and chorus by seven French officers, which passed over very inoffensively—an admission, from one of our delicacy of perception, that amounts to no trifle of commendation; for, as that which has annoyed us has satisfied others, we may be permitted to opine that when we are not annoyed they must be in raptures. They were all in love, and among them was the actor that played the Irishman so vilely last week. He sung so inoffensively on this occasion, that we have made it up with him; but would advise that, on his next engagement, he will insist on the insertion of a clause, that he may refuse attempting Irish characters. At the end of the chorus, these seven French vagabonds informed us (mind, we do not dislike the French as a nation, but we abuse the *grande armée* upon principle), that they had fallen in love with seven damsels at Munich, each according to his fashion, some of them looking very jolly on the occasion. One among them, however, *Captain D'Armincourt* (represented by Mr. Allen), seemed really smitten, and he burst upon the audience in an unaccompanied air, that was so expressive, so full of pathos, so exquisitely sung, and so dramatically sustained, that we tumbled into a rapture along with the musical people, and banged away at the back of the stalls like a maniac. There were some who desired to hear it again, and we were informed that it was encored on the first night; but that was by the *claqueurs*, who act from direction and not from feeling. We would not for the world have exposed the mechanism of this scene, by compelling that love-sick youth to destroy the dramatic reality he had raised in our minds by so ill-judged a repetition. The officers are interrupted by seven masquerading

gypsies (it being carnival-time), and one of these (*Miss Sarah Flower*) sung a ballad, with such distinctness of articulation, such richness of tone, and fullness of execution, in its every part, as to again set us banging against the stalls aforesaid; and this time an encore was insisted upon. And we looked round and said to ourselves, we also are musical. As matters proceeded, we found out that the affair was not quite so spooney as operas are usually. That there was a plot, and a comic character or two, and situation, and dialogue;—in short we will tell you all about it.—These seven gypsies were the seven sisters, with whom the seven Frenchmen were in love, and they left seven letters behind them to inform their lovers of the fact. One of them *Ernestine* (*Miss Sarah Flower*) leaving a note, containing an appointment to meet her young man at the ghost's tower, in the castle of her father, *Baron Bristlebach* (*Mr. Walton*). The six, accompanied by *Cornet Grosdos* (*Mr. Compton*), determine on a musical excursion on the Lake of Como, with the intention of attracting the females of the neighbourhood by their music, and so obtaining an occasion to discover the whereabouts of their lady loves. The boat passes under the window of the apartment that contains the girls themselves, who appearing suddenly, the officers all rise in the boat, and upset it. Every one swims ashore but *Cornet Grosdos*, and he is pulled in at the window by a bell rope, which the girls throw out to him. He having fainted from fright and exhaustion, they, by mistake, administer a cordial extracted from their governess's brandy bottle, which they had previously adulterated with laudanum, to cause her to slumber, while they paid their disguised visit to the Frenchmen. *Grosdos* falls into a sound sleep, as the *Baron* is seen from the window to be approaching the castle. By the assistance of *Bumps*, a gardener, *Grosdos* is removed, furnished with dry apparel, and left before a large fire in the ghost tower to awake at his leisure. He does awake, has forgotten entirely his immersion in the water, and every circumstance round him appears a mystery. He searches for his clothes in vain, then discovers them in a place he had just before carefully examined. This is the room in which the conspirators, of whom the *Baron* is one, meet to plan their proceedings, and *Grosdos* finds himself in the midst of them. He hears them detail their intention of assassinating the emperor and a number of his officers, among whom he is himself included. He gets into an old fashioned cabinet for safety, without being aware that it is moveable on a hinge, and that it masks the secret door of the subterranean entry to the tower. He is incontinently shut in, by having the face of the cabinet turned to the wall, when *Ernestine* enters for her appointment with *D'Armincourt*, who appears at the same moment at the window. *Ernestine* confides to *D'Armincourt* her fears respecting her father, and begs his assistance. They pass through the passage, and *Beljambe* (*Leffler*), who has traced *D'Armincourt* to the tower, also enters by the window, and after some difficulty, liberates the captive. *Grosdos* acquaints him with the conspiracy he had detected, and *Beljambe* retires through the window, for the purpose of collecting a force, sufficient for securing the whole. During his absence, the *Baron* arrives, and is arrested by *Grosdos*. The officers now assemble, and *Bristlebach* is compelled to aid in the exposure and detection of his brother conspirators, who are momentarily expected. The officers secret themselves in various corners, and the supposed assassins arrive. After they had been drawn into a confession of their intention by the instrumentality of the *Baron*, the officers rush from their hiding-place, and each seizes his man, who turns out to be a woman, for on throwing off the masks and cloaks, the *Seven Maids of Munich*, and the daughters of the *Baron* are discovered. The *Baron* is now obliged to show his love for the Emperor, by giving each of his girls a French husband, and all ends happily. The whole formed a very amusing affair for an opera, in which the plot and music were much beholden to one another. *Mr. Rodwell* was the concolor, and we owe him



our approbation. Miss Marshall had all the female acting to do, and did it well; but if she did not address the audience quite so directly, it would be an improvement. Compton acted as usual most effectively. He can give the most improbable situation the appearance of a fact.

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—A new and original two act comedy was produced here on Saturday last; and we hail it with gratitude, as a symptom of return to wholesome British character and moral intention in the drama. The *Round of Wrong* belongs to the class of pastoral sentimental in which the elder Emery was so powerful some thirty years back. *Ruben Gwynne* is a farmer, who, having been, we know not why, for some period in the West Indies, returns joyfully to his home and his sweetheart, with whom he expects to be immediately united. This person, *Mary Ryland*, has been, we know not why, deserted by her own family; but, received and educated by the mother of *Ruben*, her gentle manners has, while operating as an influence for good upon something of a roughness in his nature, gained such a hold on his affections, that he has no enjoyment away from her society. On his return, he finds a change in her manners, and a melancholy mystery in all she says and does. This is caused by a novel interest taken by her father, *Sir Arthur Foljambe*, in her existence. From some motive not sufficiently explained, his well-being is connected with the breaking off of this match; and on the day of *Ruben's* return, by a threat of self-destruction, he prevails on her to leave the farmer without notice; in plain terms, to jilt him most unceremoniously. The very nice acting of Miss Fortescue did much, however, to palliate the iniquity of this proceeding. The first act ends with *Ruben's* awaking from a frightful dream to discover the treacherous conduct of her in whom he trusted. The second act commences after a three years' interval, and we find *Ruben Gwynne* a changed man. The whole employment of his life has been to obtain vengeance for the wrong he has received. He has always failed, however; and though he has become rich by close attention to business and accumulation, he is no longer popular among his equals, and is both shunned and feared by the poor, of whom he had been the idol. While smarting under the disappointment of continual failure in his attempts upon the prosperity of *Sir Arthur*, he is solicited by a young surgeon, a tenant of his own, to receive for him a parcel, expected to arrive that day from town, and to contain the amount of a legacy left him (the surgeon) by a deceased uncle. As he has the intention of proceeding to the colonies the next day, he also requests that *Gwynne* will write him a check for the sum, supposed to be of trifling amount. It will be observed, that the surgeon is singularly confiding in money matters. These documents arrive, and turn out to be well authenticated claims upon the estate of *Sir Arthur Foljambe*, approximating to the sum, of twenty thousand pounds. Now vengeance appears within his grasp, and it is *Ruben's* turn to triumph. He proceeds at once to the hall, and, in a scene that afforded many opportunities for good acting that were not neglected, makes his demand upon *Sir Arthur*. The documents are, one by one, placed before him; he is convinced of their authenticity, and he demands if they are all. On being answered in the affirmative, he tears them to pieces; when the real papers are produced and he is informed that these he had destroyed were but *fac similes*. The baronet is left in despair, and *Ruben* is so far satisfied. He, however, returns to his home, and ponders on his position. He has made *Mary*, who is till this time most unaccountably a spinster, the price of silence for his claim on the baronet. But the claim is not his; it belongs to the young surgeon, who has been suitor to the niece of *Sir Arthur*, has been refused by him, and is now quitting his country and a thriving business, motivated by the single impulse of his disappointed passion. *Ruben* determines, therefore, to deceive the surgeon as to the amount of the bequest, and to send him a check on his banker, for a sum more within the

extent of his expectations. He is interrupted in the perpetration of this knavery, by a visit from *Mary*; her ancient influence over him for good is resumed; he purchases the debt from the rightful owner at its full amount, and postpones his claim during the baronet's life. *Sir Arthur* is affected by this generosity, and the mysterious motive for his opposition to the union having ceased, he bestows his daughter on *Ruben*, and all is right again.

There are a multitude of loose screws in the construction of this drama. There is insufficiency of produced cause for the desertion of *Mary* as an infant; for the pecuniary advantage, consequent to her acknowledgment by her father; for her remaining three years single; and for the surgeon's carelessness in money matters. There was not time for the preparation of *fac-similes* of the papers; and the letter so satisfactorily imitating his father's hand must have been a forgery. It was also difficult to comprehend the despair of a man of five thousand a-year, as occasioned by a claim of nineteen thousand. True, he might be otherwise involved; but that was not stated. All these were inconsistencies that should have been prevented, by more attention to construction. The general conception, or leading idea of the piece, was, however, excellent, and was well-supported by Mr. Webster and Miss Fortescue. *Ruben Gwynne* is an arduous character for any actor; we know of none that would have conceived it more perfectly than it was conceived; but we occasionally notice that the *physique* for sustaining the climax of a scene was scarcely sufficient to meet the expectation raised by the excellence of the approaches. Mr. Stewart did his best for *Sir Arthur*; and Mr. Buckstone, who did the funny in a character that had nothing to do with anybody but himself, kept the audience in the most perfect good humour, by the relief he gave to the something too much of the sentimental vein in which the dialogue was constructed.

This seems to be the only theatre that promises a renewal of the absurdities of burlesque in its holiday production.

**LYCEUM THEATRE.**—When the name of Charles Dickens becomes biographical, the chief characteristic for which he will be celebrated, will be that of having cultivated in his thought the most refined *beau ideal* of high moral beauty that ever entered into the conception of man. He endows his creations with such a spiritualised essence of the milk of human kindness, and negation of self, as does in some sort shock the worldly critic; and while those who read to enjoy, are softened into liking and loving, those who read to find fault, never fail in discovering deficiencies of adaptation to the conventional gauge they measure by. Mr. Dickens and Mrs. Keeley, may congratulate each other that they are contemporaries; much of the excellence of either had been left insufficiently appreciated had the other not been present to aid in its production. Mr. Dickens has afforded occasion for the development of dramatic power in the lady, which would otherwise have remained latent, even to her greatest admirers, and Mrs. Keeley has given to all that might be reproached with inventive castle building in the author the solid reality of an absolute fact. Mrs. Keeley's *Clemency Newcome* never was, nor never will be surpassed, and to those who doubt the excellence of Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neil as a dreamy notion indulged in by old men, we recommend the comparison of the power and truth of that piece of acting with anything produced of late years in the higher walks of tragedy, and they will be convinced that there is possibility that all they hear of the great gone-by may have had reality to suggest remembrance. It would waste our space to enter into a detail of the circumstances of this adaptation, for every one reads *Boz*, and the circumstances are simple and very few. It is one of those delightful pieces that inspires you with love for your fellow mortals, and is throughout a scenic sermon, that excites, amuses, and improves. It was excellently put upon the stage—not merely in the dresses and scenery, but also in that arrangement of parts and

groups that keeps a constant pleasant picture before the eyes of the audience. Meadows was excellent as *Snitchy*; Keeley was as real in *Ben Britain* as his extraordinary helpmate was in *Clemency*; Miss May's self-sacrificing *Marian* was everything we could desire; and we never before saw Leigh Murray to so much advantage; he looked and talked and walked the very *beau ideal* of an ardent young lover. Mr. Vining was in fine keeping. Mr. F. Matthews was the only actor that seemed to us as not quite at home. The piece is very well dramatised. There is a scene between the *Snitchys* and *Craggs*, male and female, that was something unpleasant. It is an insertion, we believe, to give time for the preparation of the ball-room scene. It is not a graft that takes kindly to the main trunk of the drama.

THE TRUNKMAKER.

#### ACTOR MANAGEMENT.

WE stated last week, in reference to a national theatre, that our opinions were strongly against the superintendence or directorship of such an establishment being placed in the hands of an actor. We may this week fortify that opinion by the example furnished in the present position of the Theatre François. The Commission of the Chamber of Deputies, in the report on the budget for the ensuing year, expresses itself thus—“The Theatre François is in absolute ruin; we limit ourselves to the mere statement of the fact without pretending to give the cause; and, we add, that its financial situation leaves much to desire. M. le Ministre, as one of the commission, has been made acquainted with its position, and to him belongs the duty of applying speedily the remedy.”

It may be asserted that the François is not a fair specimen of actor management, and that it is a plain case of “too many cooks.” They are all managers. It is directed by a committee of the players themselves, which, naturally slow, irresolute, and disinclined, wants the force and agreement necessary for sudden decision; and it is therefore unfit to sustain a concurrence with the continual increase of Parisian theatres; the confusion of performances, that is unclassifying the drama every day more completely, giving now to actors of talent the advantages of a competition for their services; and, above all, the abandonment of their establishment by the dramatic writer, who would, at all times, rather make arrangements with an individual than be involved in the disagreements of a company. To this may be added that there are salaries paid to actors, in what are considered minor theatres, beyond what the *sociétaires* of the François could consent to pay, without either an augmentation of their own, or an acknowledgment of inferiority to the new actor being a consequence.

There is, at present, a hesitation in the executive between the abolition of the establishment altogether, or the withdrawal of the management from the *sociétaires* and transferring it to the directorship of an individual not an actor. To wind up the affair would require, at once, the enormous sum, as is reported, of 3,000,000 francs, or about £120,000; a very serious addition to a French budget, and altogether a princely offering on the altar of the classic drama. When will legislators arrive at the conviction that progress belongs to all things; and that the instructors of a people must calculate upon the present wants, without reference to obsolete prescriptions? Classical conventionality has, however had its share in ruining the Theatre François; and obstinate adhesion to book-learned stupidity is no longer a possibility from want of funds for its support. An annual grant of two hundred thousand francs has not been sufficient for sustaining the solemn insipidity consequent to acting poems that are not plays; and, also, consequent to producing what the actor likes to play, rather than what the public like to witness.

The opinion of the French playgoers, a body of mere consequence in Paris, that we cockneys

can guess at, is that there should be an immediate change in the mode of administration of this theatre. That it should have a single director, not an actor. Not one that would speculate upon the property, and take the risk of profit and loss upon himself; but a man of intelligence, firmness, and activity, having no accountability to any but the minister of the interior; guaranteed from loss, but allowed a participation in the profits. The most extensive powers for this purpose are, it appears, in the hands of the government; for, in 1832, the *sociétaires*, in exchange for an increase of grant of fifty thousand francs, did make over their privileges into the hands of the executive. At that epoch, in a communication with the directors, there is the following passage—"In recompense for the transfer made by the *sociétaires* of their administrative powers to the directors, the grant of one hundred and fifty thousand francs, annually made to the Theatre François, is hereby increased to two hundred thousand."

For twenty-five years the Theatre François has alternated between two systems. That of individual direction and social administration by the actors. From 1825 to 1833, the actors; 300,000 francs of debt. From 1833 to 1837, direction; debts, including 300,000 francs, paid; and profits divided. In 1837, in fifteen days of actor superintendence, Mlle. Rachel quitted, and return was at once made to the directorship, which endured from 1837 to 1841; Mlle. Rachel re-engaged, Locroy, Maillard, Mlle. Doge, were engaged and the theatre flourished. From 1841 to 1846, the actor management; during which period, they have lost Mlle. Mars, Messrs. Forin, Menjaud, Joanny, and Mlle. Dupont, without any addition of consequence to their effectiveness, and the establishment is in a still worse position than it was in 1833.

A commission, composed of Messrs. de Barante, Victor Hugo, De Lamartine, Scribe, Vivien, Vilet, Cave, Felix Real, and Edmund Blanc, are charged to inquire into, and report the present position of this establishment.

## MUSIC.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—A little musical piece has been introduced at this theatre, entitled the *Seven Maids of Munich*; or, the *Ghost's Tower*, written and composed by Herbert. The plot, which is given at length in another page, is something about seven maids of Munich, and seven French officers, a ghost tower, and a set of conspirators who turn out to be the seven maids themselves, the daughters of a German baron, a deadly enemy of Napoleon, against whose life he is plotting; however, it ends eventually on the marriage of the seven maids, with the seven Frenchmen. This story is made the vehicle of some pretty and some common-place music, the last perhaps somewhat predominant; the speaking part depends entirely on Compton, who carries off a dead weight. The vocal parts were principally sustained by Miss Flower, Messrs. Allen and Leffler. Miss Flower, as a contralto, is the first singer we have, the clear, rich, beautiful quality of voice, the soft blending of her tones, and the execution, form altogether a specimen of the singing art, we have not had for a long time; indeed, we may be proud of her as the first vocalist of the day in her peculiar style. The prettiest piece is a romance, "Yon Ruined Tower," sung by Miss Flower, with a chorus of gipsy and French officers, and which on the night we heard it was encored. Mr. Allen also sang a little bit without accompaniment, which took amazingly.

## CONCERTS.

**CROSBY HALL.**—The second of the Sacred Concerts took place last Monday. The principal vocal performers were Misses Steele and Cubitt, Messrs. Lockey and J. A. Novello. Miss Mounsey presided at the organ. The selection was made from Handel, Haydn, Cherubini, Mendelssohn, Neukomm, &c., &c. The whole passed off satis-

torily. Mr. Wilson gave his last night at this hall on Tuesday last, and was, as usual, most successful.

**EXETER HALL.**—On Wednesday last the Messiah was performed for the second time. The hall was crowded, and the performance went off as usual. The principal vocal performers were Mad. Caradori Allen, Miss Hawes, Messrs. Manvers and Phillips.

**ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC KING'S SCHOLARSHIPS.**—The examination took place on Friday 18th inst., and the election fell on Miss S. J. Woolf (a pupil), and Mr. H. C. Banister, who was not educated at the Academy. There were twenty-three candidates, nine females, and fourteen males. The Board of Professors was composed, Mr. C. Potter (chairman), Sir George Smart, Sir H. Bishop, Mr. Goss, Mr. C. Lucas, and Mr. W. S. Bennett.

Thalberg will be in London in the beginning of April. He has been playing at Boulogne and at Abbeville during the last week.

Benedict has just entered into an engagement with Bunn, to write an opera with him for the next season.

The first opera to be given at Milan, at La Scala, will be the *Attila* of Verdi.

Lauro Rossi is writing, for the same theatre, a new opera to be called *Bianca Contarini*.

The new opera of Kreutzer, *Die Hochländerin*, obtained great success at Hamburg.

At St. Petersburg they are preparing for the season, *I Lombardi*, *La Gazza Ladra*, *William Tell*, *I Due Foscari*, *La Muta di Portici*, *La Fida-zata Consa*, and *Giuramento*.

Pacini is engaged to write the following operas, in the course of a year:—A semi-serious opera for the Teatro Fondo, at Naples, this carnival. For the next September one, at Florence, which will be entitled *L'Assedio di Leida*; for the following November, another opera to be called *Merope*, for San Carlo, at Naples; and then one at Turin, to be called *Ester d'Engaddi*.

*Semiramide* is talked of as the second opera Miss Bassano will sing at the Princess's Theatre.

## THE DRAMA OUT OF TOWN.

How many country managers will follow the advice of last week? How many will "hold the promise to the ear," only to "break it to the hope?" How many will announce *powerful attractions*, which will appear only in the bills? It is not asserted that any will; only when there are provincial managers who have printed such things as "would harrow up the soul" of every honest man, making—

"Each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

It may, and that naturally too, be supposed that at this festive season of the year, the like error may be fallen into by those who are not over fastidious; and pride themselves on being able to *make out a bill!* Should, however, such things occur, and the play-going public of any town, from the Theatre Royal, Norwich, to the Theatre Rural, Chambent, be so taken-in and gulled; it is to be hoped "the crime will carry the punishment along with it;" and that empty benches may reward the deed.

The drama requires not such fictitious aid, it is sufficiently strong in itself to stand without being propped up by ingenious fraud, or insulting puffs. Such things should be left to petty, dishonest, shopkeepers, who ticket up articles at one shilling, in large, and sixpence, in little—so *little*, and so faintly written, as not to be discoverable by a buyer, until pointed out by the seller. Managers should eschew such unworthy means, it would redound more to their credit—aye, and to their profit too.

John Bull is easily pleased, but has an undoubted right to have "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill." Nor is he so ignorant as not to know who *is*, and who is *not* talented, without being told so, by the particular party's name

being blazoned forth, in larger type than the rest, or by being informed "that they played the part 10,000 consecutive nights in London." They might have done so at the "Royal Effingham Saloon;" but it should be borne forcibly in mind, that although London contains many excellent actors, it also contains more—"many more," not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that we have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably."

But, to each and all, who truly strive to please, and, as truly, for the honour of the stage, keep faith with their best friend—the public. Permit their clowns to say—

"No more than is set down for them."

We wish, with crowded houses, "A merry Christmas, and a happy new year."

**THEATRE ROYAL, BIRMINGHAM.**—Miss Cushman concluded their engagement on Friday last, the 19th, to an excellent house—*As You Like It*, and the two last acts of *Guy Rimering*. In *Rosalind*, Miss Cushman gave the greatest satisfaction, and the play was generally well performed. Mr. Couldock's *Jacques*, Mr. Addison's *Adams*, and Miss Saunders' *Audrey*, elicited great applause, and were well worthy commendation. At the conclusion of *Guy Rimering* the whole house stood, and one tremendous call brought Miss Cushman once more before it. Such enthusiasm has seldom or never been witnessed in this theatre as was exhibited on this occasion. On Monday the theatre closed, with a benefit for the "Ancient Order of Foresters," and will re-open on Saturday, the 26th, with Franklin's play of the *Earl of Warwick*, and a pantomime, entitled *Peeping Tom of Coventry*, of which report speaks highly.

**PLYMOUTH.**—A Signor Irvine who, as the bills say, "caused so much excitement and wonder at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden," (where, by-the-bye, he never appeared) has been doing a bit of star business (!) by being dragged up a tightened single cord, from the stage to the gallery, and then descending by his own weight, surrounded by fireworks. It is to be regretted that a manager should ever have recourse to such a penny-fair monstrosity, especially when it is not attractive. The season was brought to a close on the 21st, the performances of the evening being under the patronage of Captain Joaquim Jose Ignacio, and the officers of his Brazilian Majesty's frigate, *Constitution*. Since the departure of Mr. Macready, the business has been but indifferent.

**ROCHESTER.**—The season commenced well; but as might be expected, the last few nights have been but indifferent. The company has been well selected, and possesses much talent. Mr. Leander Melville has studied his profession well, and, as a leading man, will yet stand high in the drama. As a low comedian, Coefield is quaint and pleasing, a mixture of the "rich and racy" would do well. J. L. Thornton (the spirited manager), is correct and gentlemanly in all he does, while Miss Walton is a most pleasing actress.

**NEWMARKET.**—Mrs. C. Gill's benefit was, as might be expected, a decided good house; the pieces represented being the *Ransom*, *Spring Gardens*, and *Asmodeus*, *The Merry Little Devil*. The theatre will finally close on the 30th instant.

The following theatres will commence, or resume their season, on Boxing-day, or the 28th instant:—**LIVERPOOL.**—The Theatre Royal, under the management of Mr. H. Simpson, with a star; Amphitheatre, with an equestrian company; Adelphi, with a pantomime and the Royal Liver. **MANCHESTER.**—The Theatre Royal and the Queen's, with comic pantomimes; Cony and Blanchard at the latter; Cooke's Equestrian Circus also opens. **HULL.**—Under the management of J. L. Pritchard. **NOTTINGHAM AND DERBY**, both belonging to J. F. Saville; a comic pantomime at the former. **BIRMINGHAM.**—The Theatre Royal (Mr. H. Simpson),



with a splendid harlequinade. **SOUTHAMPTON**, with a pantomime. **CANTERBURY** (T. Dowton) where Mr. Macready plays on Wednesday and Thursday. **NORWICH** (T. D. Davenport), with his expensive comic pantomime; Hogg, the celebrated clown, and the highly talented Miss Davenport. **IPSWICH** (C. Poole, manager), newly decorated; a comic pantomime, supported by Abel Wood and Suffeen, who will appear as the *Motley Group*. **BRIGHTON**, with the humours of clown, harlequin, and columbine. **BRADFORD**, Macclesfield, Bolton, Devonport, Portsmouth, Salisbury, Exeter, Bath and Bristol, Coventry, Leicester (Amphitheatre), Woolwich, Sheffield, Maidstone, and Daventry.

## REVIEWS.

*Adventures in the Pacific.* By J. COULTER, M.D. Dublin: W. Curry, Jun., and Co.; London: Longman, Brown, and Co.; Edinburgh: Fraser and Co.

This is a delightful book of adventures among some of the islands of the Indian Archipelago. They are told in a quaint, old fashioned style, much resembling that of the early navigators; there is no flash of embellishment, no string of epithets to eke out what is wanting in the power of description; the incidents are sufficiently interesting of themselves, and require no adventitious aid, and the hearty manner of the author gives the reader a relish in the events, as a piquante sauce would an ordinary dish. The voyage was undertaken in a whaler, and extended over a period of four years, from 1832 to 1836. The character of the natives of the different groups of islands are well described; and some particulars are given which are worthy of consideration, relative to the importance of the occupation of some of these islands by the English, not so much from any actual commercial advantages that may at present be derived from them, but from the prospective importance which will some time or other belong to them, in the event of a passage being effected across the isthmus from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Our ministers have strangely overlooked this consequence, and have relinquished many spots (Tahiti may be instanced as one), which would derive an importance from their position in the then immediate route to our Australian possessions, as military and naval stations, and affording, as many of these islands do, according to this account, an abundant supply of coal for our steam shipping. Advantages have been given up from the mere pounds-shillings-and-pence view taken, that there was no immediate return for our produce and manufactures, and but a few kinds of tropical fruit. It was with this idea that so little importance was attached to the possession of Tahiti, which has been taken advantage of by the French, who are still prowling among the islands, endeavouring to establish a dominion over them individually and collectively; for it must be remarked that the French are at this moment the most active in their exertions to complete the communication between the two oceans; and, in the event of ultimate success, the possession of these islands would act very disadvantageously to our commercial relations with our colonies in those seas.

Another point touched upon is the utility of the missionaries, and a vindication of their general character, which has of late been so much aspersed. We are not disposed to overrate the good that missionaries do, much of which has been counteracted by indiscretion, and sometimes by an over zealousness, more detrimental to a cause often than supineness; nor ought too much to be expected from erring human nature; but any amelioration of the barbarous condition of the islanders ought to be hailed with satisfaction, and our author endeavours to show from his own experience of many of these otherwise deplorable specimens of humanity, how much good has been effected by the intercourse of the missionaries with the natives, and to their further endeavours we wish success commensurate with their exertions.

The voyage was undertaken in the good ship *Stratford*, built by Mr. White, of Cowes, the designer of so many beautiful specimens of naval architecture; commanded by Captain Abijah Lock, a name well known among the Pacific Islands. Our author was the surgeon. The start is made in October, 1832; and after the usual incidents of a passage round Cape Horn, they arrive on the whaling spots. After refitting at some of the islands they cruise about for their object, the sperm whale. The following description will be found interesting, giving, as it does, a minute account of all the particulars:—

"Ships engaged in the sperm whale fishery are out seldom less than three years, some of them four, according to their success and other adventures; they are well found in provisions, and have such a quantity of casks on board, are never without an abundant supply of fresh water, except they are extraordinarily situated. They are all well armed, and have plenty of all sorts of ammunition, as they have to defend themselves from the hostilities of natives, and during such a long absence from home their respective nations might go to war, then they would have to take care of themselves.

"Most of the English whale ships, during the last wars, were what are called letters of marque, or, in plainer terms, commissioned privateers, and they either caught whales or the enemy's vessels, as circumstances threw either in their way. They always have a large complement of men, as each boat is obliged to have its own crew; and these ships have generally from four to six boats over the sides, ready for lowering after whales.

"These boats are of the best description for such purposes, and will live in any sea that a boat can exist in. They are clinker built, that is, one plank slightly overlapping the other, sharp in bow and stern, both ends being curved a little upwards. Those boats are always steered by an oar, generally five or six and twenty feet long, which is kept in its place in the stern-post by a strap passing round it. As the boat has sometimes to go astern as well as ahead, this long oar is not in the way, and enables him who steers to sweep rapidly round the boat, or lay it off or on the whale, as may be required. There are also five oars pulling a mast, and a by-sail to assist them occasionally, which mast and sail are laying along the stern, sheets, and never shipped until required, and always unshipped the moment the whale is struck, as the boat would then be unmanageable if it remained up.

"In the nose of the boat there is a deep chalk or groove, the lower part of it being leaded; through this the line passes, and as it does so rapidly some times, the leading prevents the boat from taking fire. There is also a pin across over the line, which prevents the line slipping out; an axe and knife, keenly sharp, close to it, to cut the line instantly, if in running out it should get foul, as in that case the boat would be taken down with it. On the stern sheet there is also a similar provision against a like accident. The line, which is made as strong as possible, and about the thickness of the middle finger, is coiled closely down in regular fakes in two tubs. It is generally one hundred and twenty fathoms to each boat. One end is bent on the harpoon; the other (with an eye spliced in it) is left hanging out of the sternmost tub. This is done in order that, if the fish sounds too deep, another boat may pull up and bend on its lines. In this way I have seen a fish take three boats' lines, each boat having signals in it, to hurry up those nearest to them. If the boats should be too far off, the ship, which is at such a time under all sail, will run down close to, and drop another boat, to give the necessary lines and assistance.

"There are also three or four spare irons, with as many lances in the boat, in case they might be required. The harpoon is always fastened to the line, and is merely to hold on (sometimes the fish is killed by it). The lance is to dart frequently into the body of the fish to kill him, and is fast to its own small line of from fifteen to twenty fathoms long.

"Under the stern sheets there is stowed away

a small bag of biscuit, a small cask full of water, a lantern and fire-works, in case of being benighted; and, though last not least, some pipes and tobacco, for a refreshing smoke while they are laying beside their dead prize, and waiting for the ship to send out the thick fluke ropes and take it alongside.

"On deck there is, in the forward part of the ship, close to the fore-hatch, a brick building lined outside, and well secured with wood and iron knees. In this work are two large boiling or trying pots, to boil down the blubber. Underneath them are the fires, generally fed by the scraps or portions of blubber which have been already deprived of their oil.

"To the main-mast head there is attached an immense block, well secured, through which a huge tackle-fall is wove; this fall goes to the windlass, and when the hook of the other block is in the blubber on the fish, it is hoisted upon board in pieces of about one and a half yard wide, and from fifteen to eighteen feet long; these are termed blanket pieces. On the outside of the ship, and over the dead whale alongside, are two stages, on which two of the mates stand, with a breast before each to keep them from falling overboard. They each have long spades and cut the blubber the proper breadth spirally from the base of the head to the flukes (tail). A hole is cut near the fin.

"A man goes down on the fish to fasten the hook. This is often a dangerous duty, as the dead whale always attracts plenty of sharks, which keep plunging about and upon the fish. At such a time the long spades are ready to chop at the sharks and keep them off till the man gets on board again. As soon as the hook is in, they ship the handspikes into the windlass and hoist away to a lively chorus, and as the blubber is torn up, the spades clear it away underneath. When it is high up, as I have mentioned, the hook is shifted in the blanket piece, and above this it is cut off with an immense two handed knife, swung on board and lowered between decks.

"As this spiral stripping of the blubber goes on the body keeps turning; and when nearly to the flukes, the most valuable part of the sperm whale, the head, is secured, cut off, and the carcass let go to the bottom with thousands of sharks of all sizes tearing at it.

"The head is generally cut in three or four pieces and entirely hoisted on deck. As soon as this is juckered up into tubs, the decks are scrubbed, well-washed, and are made as clean and white as before the operation commenced. It is a long day's work for all hands to cut in a large whale, but when it is accomplished, it is a clear five hundred pounds worth on board, a share of which every man has, from the captain to the cook, according to their rank on board.

"For my part, generally the way I occupied my time on such occasions of cutting was in sitting in one of the quarter boats and murdering the sharks with a lance, which I had fitted and expressly sharpened for those gentry."

We have made this long extract in order to give some idea of the nature of the occupation which forms of course a principal part of the adventures. The account of the Gallapagos, and their importance, in the event of the transit across the isthmus, is explained in the following passage:—

"The Gallapagos Islands have been termed barren, and some even said they were scarcely habitable, that there was no fresh water to be had on them, &c. Now the general visitors to those islands, it is quite clear, never went far into the interior; they were generally sea-faring men, who do not themselves like walking about, particularly where there are no inhabitants, and consequently what they call no fun. Again, there exists generally here, either very broken ground, or a thick wood, with a great deal of underbrush, some distance in from the beach, which requires patience and perseverance to get through; indeed few sailors would take the trouble to penetrate it.

"However, this obstacle once surmounted, the natural beauty and fertility of these islands is at once brought before the eyes: the mineralogist or botanist might feast himself here and have no fear of the want of food either; indeed the greatest

surprise I experienced was, that they were not colonised and settled upon long before this; they all have fine harbours and smooth water, with very little rise or fall of tide; any sized vessel could go in and out at any time, day or night. As for water, there is plenty of it to be found in them.

"There are very few that ever took the trouble, or enjoyed the pleasure of rambling over them, so much as I have done. During our repeated visits, I made myself thoroughly acquainted with their capabilities; and the only wish I had then was that they were regularly taken possession of by England. If ever there is effected a passage across the Isthmus of Darien, this would make a fine station for steamers on their westerly voyage; they here could refresh, refit, repair, or get any quantity of coal they wanted, certainly at Chatham Island and at others also.

"I look upon these islands to be of great political importance from their position; whoever ultimately lays hold of them will certainly obtain an important post. Both those islands, California and the passage across the isthmus, ought to belong to England; she could make better use of them than any other nation, from her immense and enterprising maritime power."

During the cruise our author was left behind on one of the islands. He was made a chief of one of the tribes, and to ease their superstitious fears was obliged to submit to be tattooed; the operation was performed in two days, four hours during the first, and three hours on the second. The description is curious. The tribe all assemble on and on the

"Next day, after our morning repast, the conchs sounded in all directions, and several muskets were fired round the house where I was, and all the principal chiefs came in. Then entered the tattoo-men, two to use the instruments, and two assistants. It is a regular profession, and only followed by a few. They are paid in kind for their work on the common people; but the chiefs they have a right to mark for nothing, and they consider it a high honour. In speaking of the celebrity of those men the chiefs will tell you, he is the best, he has tattooed such and such a great chief.

"They have only a few instruments in use, those used for inserting the colouring matter into the skin are made of pieces of bone made flat, and serrated at one end, like either a comb or saw. The breadth of this end differs from the eighth of an inch to an inch, according to variety or minuteness of the work, some having only two teeth, some a dozen. The other end is brought to a blunt point, and inserted into a small cane about six or eight inches long at right angles. The stick for beating this into the flesh so long or short, according to the fancy of the operator.

"The piece of cane is held between the finger and thumb of the left hand. There is a roll of fine tappa round the three remaining fingers of the same hand, to wipe off the blood, in order to see if the impression is perfect. The marginal lines of any figure are first marked out with a very small stick, the remainder is executed without a guide. The biting of the stick is so very rapid, that it resembles nothing that I know of more accurately than a trunkmaker driving in his nails.

"This incessant hammering at the skin or into it, with considerable violence, irritates the whole frame, and the constant wiping off the blood with the tappa is worse. However, as the work proceeds, the flesh swells up, which gradually benumbs the part during the continuance of the operation.

"The colouring matter used is made in this way: eight or ten nuts (commonly known as the candle nut from their emitting a bright flame, and being used by Marquesans as a substitute for candles), are strung on a piece of reed, which is stuck in the ground; the upper one being lighted, an inverted section of a cocoa nut is suspended over it. This condenses the smoke, which is very black, and when mixed with a little water, forms the marking ink in question. The swelling is very great, but subsides much in five or six days. Sometimes the person operated on, does not recover for weeks; and when the tattooing goes on anywhere in the neighbourhood of glands, often, in irritable consti-

tutions, forms large tumours and abscesses, often erysipelas is produced, but those are rare cases, all generally getting clear with the ordinary inflammation, which is only of eight or ten days duration."

With this extract, we must close our notice of this volume, which is a curious production; every occurrence is told in such a simple, straightforward way that carries conviction with it. In these days, when steam promises to bring together as it were even the most remote parts, greater interest must be excited than when the distance almost precluded any but a rare notice of hitherto unexplored regions. Soon, however, the progress of civilization must reach even these islands, and as a first step an accurate acquaintance with the localities and all the advantages that they possess, may lead the stream of migration thither. Our author has clearly shown that the interest of England is immediately concerned in their possession; we hope, therefore, soon to find some steps taken at all events towards gaining an ascendancy in those quarters, which may ere long be in the exact route to our Australian colonies.

*The Black Gown Papers.* By L. MARIOTTI, 2 vols. Wiley and Putnam.

THESE volumes, the production of an Italian, are extraordinary specimens of mastery over a foreign language. We could scarcely have believed them to be any but the production of a native. The papers are in the form of stories. The principal scenes are laid in Italy, and in that part which has perhaps more than any other suffered from internal convulsions, that have exiled many a patriotic spirit endeavouring to rouse his countrymen to throw off an almost insupportable yoke.

The first story, entitled the domestic vicissitudes of Eli Blackgown, D.D., forms the hinge upon which the rest turn. The scene is laid in America. Eli Blackgown is living as a pastor in a quiet retired village. A niece of his, a young widow, manages his household establishment. A stranger appears. A Mulatto, he is hospitably received, engages the affections of Emily, the high-minded niece, who, however, has the American dislike for the black blood; the discovery of which on the generous Mulatto, by some vulgar-minded state representatives who knew his pedigree, almost throws him into despair. Emily, however, is above minor considerations, she loves him, and they are married, and leave America. The old gentleman passes the time in writing his reminiscences of the stranger's travels, as told by him during their intercourse. Of these stories there are ten, some of which have been reprinted in the cheap periodicals of the day, thus showing their popularity. We might make very many extracts which would be interesting, but content ourselves with one or two of the comic vein, which, being the most difficult for a foreigner to acquire, will show his power over the language. Brazil, a tale of Carnival, introduces us to all the mysteries of the Bal Masque in Italy. In one of these, an Englishman, under the name of Lord Runebif, is given as a sample of our countrymen abroad, who, however, turns out to be the son of a Smithfield butcher. The Englishman has been introduced by a Count Antini to a character in the Masquerade, and the adventure is humorously told. After a supper, for which *milord* has to pay handsomely, he begs to escort the fair lady home.

"With fluttering and faltering tread, the happy Runebif issued with his fair prize into the frosty streets. Dreading lest her mantilla and muff should prove but a poor shelter against the gusts of the wintry gale, he wrapped her in the ample folds of his cloak, heedless of the cold which would be the inevitable result of his imprudence. Away, away, through street and square, and court and alley, the indefatigable princess led the way. Away in the dark, by silent dwellings and gloomy convents and half open churches, till the little town of Parma seemed to expand into a gigantic metropolis. They had walked for hours, and the bewildered Briton began to look upon himself as the victim of some magic spell, when they emerged

into an open space before a large mansion, lighted up with flaring torches, and beleaguered by a noisy crowd.

"Lord Runebif rubbed his eyes.

"Is it?—can it be?—it is, indeed, the Vegliione!—it is the theatre again!"

"No time, however, was left him to ascertain the astonishing fact, for his fair companion, in a paroxysm of sudden terror, forced herself from his sheltering embrace, screaming with all her might, 'The marshal! Saints in heaven! I am dead! The marshal!'

"Saying this she stooped to the ground, and hurriedly tucking up her petticoats, exhibited a pair of long trousered legs, and took to her heels with a nimbleness and activity of which milord had never seen an instance before.

"And lo and behold! at the same instant the strapping marshal—or Jupiter—the former companion of the princess, rushes forth from the crowd, and collaring the puzzled cockney, gives him so hearty a shake that it raised him several inches from the ground.

"I have you! I hold you, *milordino*,' (the Italian for a fop). 'Now I'll show you how to meddle with masks you know nothing about.'

"Sir, sir!" faltered milord, 'I am not aware what claims you may have on the lady.'

"The lady!—the devil! I tell you, sir, you have no business to interfere with 'prentices, and keep them from their duty. There!—it will soon be daylight, and Ash-Wednesday morning too!—Who is to open the shop, I wonder, and set wigs and blocks to rights, against the crowd of countrymen who flock in for their weekly shave?—Just answer me that, will you?"

"I—I really don't understand you."

"You do not, of course, but I'll make you—see if I don't. There!—where is the boy? Hang the boy, where is Giannetto?—What will the worthy Garofolino, his master and principal say? And who is answerable for his conduct but me—but me, Antonio Romicollo, foreman in the grand butcher-stall in the Ghiara, who promised to bring the boy home and to bed before one? but no—the young rascal must go gallivanting about with dandies, muscadins, and boobies like you? Now, then, what would you have with him, I should like to know—you mistook laddie for lassie, did you? Ha! ha! ha! I'll bet now you took the barber's 'prentice for one of your frolicsome wenches."

"With this the fellow broke out in a roar of laughter, in which he was soon joined by Count Antini and a crowd of his companions who had been witnesses to the scene. Lord Runebif looked foolish at first; then shame and anger were roused in his breast. All he had ever heard or read about Italian stilettoes and sword canes was for the moment forgotten; he sprang forward and closed with his burly antagonist.

"The battle—it was but fair play between a butcher's son and a butcher's foreman—was not suffered to last two seconds. The spectators tore the wrestlers asunder, the count and his friends persuaded the Briton that similar *contretemps* were matter of course in carnival, and that he was perhaps the hundredth man who had in the same manner fallen a victim to the blooming charms of the barber's garzone.

"Peace being thus restored, and Jupiter dismissed with a few lire, the placable milord was led back to the hall."

We recommend the story of Morello, or the Organ Boy's Progress, as containing many observations from which practical good may be derived in the perusal. These Italian boys, as is now generally known, are enticed here by some who make a traffic; they are generally bound for a term of three years, and so completely are they in the power of these fellows, that all the endeavours of the Greville Street Institution, to rescue them from their merciless fangs, have been rendered nearly nugatory. They have their bond, and they exact it to the utmost farthing. Even as in some cases, where these boys have, through the kind feelings of individuals, been placed in comfortable situations, they have been traced out,



and brought again under their master's power, to undergo, alas! but the cruellest of punishments. These men appeal even to the law, which is obliged to recognise their claims upon the unhappy boys. From this statement it is clear that there can be but little alleviation to their sufferings; and our author throws out a hint, that much might be effected by the interference of England with the government from which these boys principally come—namely, Modena and Parma, to compel to a surveillance of all the passports they grant, which would prevent their abduction; it certainly is a subject worthy its consideration. We heartily recommend the work for perusal.

*Evening.* A Two Part Song. The Poetry by J. W. MOULD; Music by W. S. ROCKSTRO. Cramer, Beale, and Co.

Thus work possesses the rare advantage of having a beginning, middle, and end; it has a purpose throughout. It is very well written, the melody pleasing, the modulations flowing on with ease, and without any straining after effects—a fault too common among our writers. The subject is carried on well throughout. For the sake of more general popularity, it would perhaps have been better if the accompaniment had been more simple. It is, however, a work of considerable merit, and augurs well for any future productions of the composer.

*Constance.* A Ballad. By G. LINLEY. Cramer, Beale, and Co.

THIS, a pretty ballad, written to suit a drawing-room audience. The subject is of a plaintive character, and simple, so as to ensure a general popularity, and seems likely just to suit our ballad-loving propensities.

*La Bergira.* A Caprice. By A. COOP. Cramer, Beale, and Co.

WE like this little caprice, it will form a pleasing adjunct to the repertoire of many a lady pianist, whose ambition for execution is not ordinate. To such we can well recommend it.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

##### MARRIAGE OF M. LISTZ.

THIS is surely the golden age for Hymen; for we hear little else, lately, but rumours of colossal dowries. After the princes by birth have been provided for, the princes by talent take their turn to help themselves at the conjugal banquet. M. Listz, the celebrated pianist, has taken to himself a spouse. He has thrown himself and his talent into the arms of the bright-eyed daughter of a jeweller of Prague, whose fortune nearly amounts to three millions.

For this once fortune has knocked at the right door, and addressed herself to worthy hands. M. Listz has his foibles and they have been the subject of occasional mirth; but on the other hand, the reports of his generosity have been more distinctly and generally published than the small criticisms that raise a smile and pass away to be forgotten. In the time in which we live, those who are ambitious of popular renown must calculate upon a variety of celebrity. It is an absolute necessity of greatness to be the constant topic. The public attention must be fixed upon its whereabouts. Rumour must always be spreading something in which its individuality makes a component—gravely in praise of its genius—jocularly to enumerate the singularities of its habits, and the eccentricities of its appearance. M. Listz was bound to pay his share of this tribute due to fame, and he has undertaken his portion with the ardour of true genius; his flowing locks, his whimsical costume, and his scarlet coat domesticated have done their duty; to say nothing of the many models made from his incomparable bunch of fives, and the multitudes of pianofortes

that have been broken by it. In short, he has not neglected any of those accessories by which an additional lustre may be added to his hard earned and well deserved celebrity.

But, after all, to what do these eccentricities amount? His flowing hair is equalled, if not surpassed, by any of the numerous pretenders to the maulstic and palette, that enterprise the disfigurement of canvas. Whimsicality of costume was a means of notoriety, which, though not invented by J. J. Rousseau, has been copied from him by crowds of literary notabilities since his time; and, for his scarlet follower, he may be paralleled by numerous specimens that, launched upon the asphaltum of the Boulevards, there continue to distribute varieties of prospectuses of we know not what. To have made a mould of his hand merely, may be considered an act of modesty at a time when so many artists have caused themselves to be modelled from head to foot, and in the destruction of pianos, although, now and then, a delicate ear may have, at the same time, received a shock, yet he has, in recompense, acquired just titles to the gratitude of Erard and Pleyel.

The unbounded generosity of the artist was undeniably a less usual mode of attracting attention. Liberality is not one of the most generally bestowed virtues of our time, and there are many very celebrated individuals who do not hesitate to omit it entirely in the catalogue of their merits. Some are even distinguished for indulging in an opposite excess. Thus—confining our remarks to the distinguished—Paganini guarded, with sordid avidity, every franc that had rewarded the magic creation of his wondrous talent. Slave though he was to the divinity of sweet sound, he would at any time have preferred drawing a discord from his instrument, to withdrawing a franc from his purse. Often has he refused to himself even necessary sustenance—as once, when after a long travel, the diligence in which he was seated, stopped at the door of the inn at which the passengers were to dine. An excellent repast awaited the exhausted travellers, who rushed en masse towards the dining room; before sitting down, however, Paganini, who had fasted as long as the rest, demanded of the landlord what was the price of his dinner—“Three francs each,” replied the innkeeper. Paganini, very stoically walked back to the coach, and resuming his place muttered, “I have not three francs worth of hunger.” Cruel to such a point towards himself, it may be surmised that he was inexorable to the miseries of others, and his hands were never known to open for the purpose of giving. Listz, on the contrary, has always spent with carelessness, and given with profusion, the very considerable sums which have been produced by his concerts. An unfortunate artist has never solicited in vain for his assistance. He has always subscribed largely towards the memorials of celebrated musicians; and who but he was at the head of the list, whether the purpose were a tomb to Mozart, or a statue to Beethoven.

But now! how has it happened that Listz, who has always passionately adored a wandering life, a cosmopolite reputation and that liberty of movement so dear to the souls of the sons of genius, has thus suddenly decided upon entangling himself in the prosaic bonds of matrimony, and attaching so tiresome a chain to the restless spirit that has so long directed his errant tenement of clay. The reply is the burthen of the adventure we are about relating.

After having given, during the entire summer, a succession of prosperous concerts in the principal cities of Germany, Listz, found himself towards the middle of last October, in the good city of Prague. The day after his arrival in that city, a stranger introduced himself to his notice. It was an elderly man whose exterior presented the aspect of poverty and sickness. The great artist received the suffering unknown with a cordiality of welcome which he would perhaps have refused to opulence or nobility. Encouraged by this kindness, the old man said to him—

“I come to you as to a brother artist. Excuse me the assumption in spite of the disparity between us. But at one time I had a reputation; I

was allowed to possess a certain talent on the piano, and I gave lessons and lived respectably. Now I am old, worn out, charged with a family, and deprived of pupils. I reside at Nuremberg; and had come to Prague to receive the trifling remains of a small inheritance; but the expenses of the law have devoured the whole. I must return to-morrow, and I do not possess the means.”

“And you have applied to me,” cried Listz. “You have done right, and I thank you for this proof of your esteem. To oblige a brother artist, a pianist, a professor, is to me more than a duty; it is a pleasure. Artists should have a common purse; and if fortune neglects some to treat others better than they merit, it is on condition that the equilibrium shall be re-established by themselves. That is my system. Do not speak to me of gratitude while I am but paying a debt.”

While pronouncing these words, Listz had opened a drawer of his desk, and he was astounded to find that his drawer, the habitual depository for his finances, contained only three ducats.

He rang for his valet.

“Where is the money?” he demanded.

“There,” replied the domestic, pointing to the open drawer.

“How! Here! Here is nothing; or, next to nothing.”

“I know that, sir; I told you yesterday that you were short of cash.”

“You see, my dear friend,” said Listz, smiling, “I am not much more wealthy than yourself at present, but that does not disturb me greatly; I have credit; and one of these days I shall draw for something upon my piano. Nevertheless, I neither intend that you should have a disappointed hope, nor that you should have to await the improvement of my finances. You are in haste to quit Prague, and to return to your family. Very well! We shall, no doubt, find the means for procuring you the money you require.”

Listz opened another drawer, and took from it a small case, which he presented to the old man.

“Here,” says he, “is your affair. It was given to me by the Emperor of Austria; his portrait set in diamonds. The painting is not much; but the diamonds are fine; take them and dispose of them; the price they may obtain is yours.”

The old pianist attempted in vain to refuse so rich a present. Listz has a fashion in giving that overcomes contradiction; and after a short dispute the poor man retired, praying for blessings on his generous benefactor, and proceeded to the shop of the most eminent jeweller of the city for the purpose of selling the diamonds of the miniature.

On seeing this man, so miserably clad, in such haste to dispose of these magnificent stones, of the value of which he seemed not to have the slightest notion, the jeweller conceived some very natural suspicions of his honesty; and while feigning to examine the diamonds with the most scrupulous attention, in order to calculate exactly the price they were worth, he whispered a few words into the ear of one of his clerks, who immediately left the shop, and returned shortly after with an escort of police, who arrested the unfortunate artist, in spite of his protestations of innocence.

“You must first to prison,” said they; “you can explain everything to the magistrate afterwards.”

That is the course of justice—in Bohemia.

The prisoner wrote to his benefactor for his assistance, and Listz hastened to the jeweller.

“Sir,” said he to him, “you have caused an innocent man to be arrested, and you must accompany me instantly to the prison, that he may be liberated. He who offered you those diamonds for sale was their legitimate proprietor; for I presented him with them.”

“But yourself, sir,” demanded the merchant, “who are you?”

“My name is Listz.”

“I know no nobleman of that name.”

“Very possibly; but I can make myself known.”

“Do you know, sir, that those diamonds are worth six thousand florins, that is to say, more

than five hundred guineas, or more than twelve thousand francs?"

"So much the better for him to whom I have given them."

"But to make such presents you should be enormously rich."

"My present fortune is exactly three ducats."

"Then you are a madman."

"No; for I have but to flourish the tips of my fingers, and I can obtain any amount of money I desire."

"Then you are a sorcerer!" cried the astonished merchant.

"I will reveal to you the charms that I employ," retorted Listz.

Our artist had noticed a piano in the back shop; he sat down, and running his fingers over the keys, and giving loose to his inspiration, he improvised one of those unaccountably fantastical symphonies that have been only granted to him to invent.

At the sound of the first chord, a charming young girl made her appearance; she stood without sound or motion, as a statue, during the entire performance; but when the artist had caused to vibrate the concluding note of his composition, she cried out, enthusiastically—

"Bravo, Listz! delightful!"

"You know him, then?" inquired the goldsmith of his daughter.

"It is the first time I have had the happiness to either see or hear him," replied she; "but there is none other could endow the voice of the piano with accents such as those."

Expressed with gracefulness and vivacity by a young person of remarkable beauty, this admiration was more than flattering. The heart may be gratified as well as the vanity. Nevertheless, after having replied as well as he was able to compliments so seductive, Listz tore himself from the gratification of a first interview to obtain the deliverance of the prisoner. The jeweller accompanied him. Ashamed of the consequences of his mistake, the honest merchant endeavoured to repair the wrong he had done by inviting the two artists to supper. The honours of the repast were superintended by his amiable daughter, who was not less affected by the generosity of Listz than astonished by his talent.

In the evening the musicians of the city assembled to give a serenade to the illustrious artist. On the next day the most select of the inhabitants, and the noblemen the proudest of their rank, presented themselves in his apartments, and requesting him to give a series of concerts, left the price entirely to himself. The jeweller began to comprehend that talent had a value, even as a merchandise, not beneath that of the precious stones in which he was a dealer; and the honour paid to Listz inspired him at once with astonishment and respect. When he observed the visits of such a man become more and more frequent he was charmed; and when he observed that his daughter was the object of these assiduities, his joy knew no bounds. The merchant was sufficiently rich to make a sacrifice to his vanity. He had acquired an immense fortune in his business, and he had often dreamed of giving to his millions the relief of an aristocratic alliance; but the German nobility are petrified in prejudice, and both count and baron having repulsed with contempt the advances of the tradesman, his disappointed ambition seized with avidity the opportunity of an alliance with an aristocracy of talent that the highest nobility of Bohemia had treated on a footing of equality.

The young girl was fully disposed to accomplish the intentions of her father, and one fine day the jeweller, with the frankness of a true German, said to Listz,

"How do you like my daughter?"

"She is adorable."

"What is your opinion of matrimony?"

"I have thought of it so long that I am anxious to taste its sweets."

"What would you say to a wedding fortune of three million?"

"I would accept it with thanks."

"You understand me then. My daughter pleases you, you please my daughter, her fortune is ready, be my son-in-law."

"Most willingly;" and the marriage was celebrated the following week.

Thus happened the marriage of Listz, the pianist, that is, if the chronicles of Prague are worthy of credit.

The British Institution, Pall Mall East, will be open for the receipt of pictures and works of art, on Monday, the 11th, and Tuesday, the 12th of January next.

**SOCIETY OF ARTS.**—The second ordinary meeting of the Society of Arts was held on Wednesday last, William Henry Bodkin, M.P., V.P., in the Chair. A communication was made by E. Highton, Esq., C.E., on the effects of heavy discharges of atmospheric electricity; as exemplified in the storms of 1846 (including an account of the destruction of St. George's Church at Leicester, on the 1st of August), with remarks on the use and application of lightning conductors. Fragments of the roof of St. George's Church, and the apparatus used for getting rid of the injurious effects of lightning on electric telegraphs, were exhibited. A description of the Economic Chess Board, by P. M. Roget, M.D., Secretary to the Royal Society, was also given. The meeting adjourned at a quarter past ten.

**SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.**—An action was brought by Mr. Hurlstone, president of this society, against the printer and publisher of the *Spectator* newspaper, for a libel, which appeared in it on the 11th of April last. An apology appeared in the next week's paper. The publication of the libel was proved. Lord Denman, in summing up, did not consider the apology was sufficient. An imputation had been cast, but "the apology did not declare that the writer was satisfied that he had been entirely mistaken." The jury retired for a short time, and then returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, £100.

#### ON DIT.

That the celebrated composer of the *Bondman*, indignant at the meanness of decoration with which his opera was produced, did vent his ire in language so irreverent towards the manager and poet, that the representative of Apollo in Drury-lane did expel him, the said composer, from the scene of his own success. This banishment being so complete as to extend to the privilege of free admission before the curtain, and the second night of the performance presented an instance of the composer of a successful opera paying for the admission of himself to witness its representation. Some communications have since passed between the contending powers, but the autocrat insists upon apologies more ample than are likely to be offered, and there is at present "a very pretty quarrel as it stands."

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